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SEPTEMBER 1940

THE

# CRESSET

New Conquests of Science

The Pope and the Fascists

Gambling in Grandma's Gown

Fifteen Thousand Dollars for a Cat



A REVIEW OF  
LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS, AND  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS

VOL. 3 NO. 11

*Twenty-five Cents*



# The CRESSET

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Volume 3

SEPTEMBER, 1940

Number 11

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THE

## CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS



## NOTES and COMMENT

*New Conquests of Science—Books in Wartime—The Pope and the Fascists—Barnum Right?—What about Australia?—Triumph of the Soya—The Old Refrain—and more.*

## New Conquests of Science

AS MEDICAL science advances, it keeps on invading new frontiers. Among the recently discovered treatments announced this summer, are two that appear particularly interesting. The one is a method of giving the blood a "sun-bath." It consists of removing a portion of the blood from the body and putting it back after it has been irradiated with ultra-violet rays for from nine to fourteen seconds. The purpose of this procedure is to fight the germs that are active in blood poisoning and in other serious infections, such as childbed fever. Results have been remarkable. 22 of 27 patients with a variety of severe infections recovered, their temperature dropping to normal in

24 to 48 hours and remaining there. All cases of childbed fever treated were cured.—The other new treatment is for chronic progressive muscular weakness, a disease in the course of which patients become so weak that they can hardly raise their arms to comb their hair. Injections of a synthetic hormone were found to give temporary relief. To make the benefits permanent, Dr. Moehlig of Detroit tried burying larger amounts of the substance under the skin of sufferers, so that the body might be able to draw on the supply as need arose. The results were "close to miraculous." There was complete and sustained relief. More than a year's requirements could be implanted at one time.



### Books in Wartime

IN ENGLAND an appeal was recently made to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to exempt books from the sales tax. A wide and unhampered distribution of reading-matter, it was argued, is of vital importance in wartime. An article in the periodical, *Adult Education*, pointed to an exhaustive statistical investigation of the effects brought about in the United States by the last war—an investigation which revealed that “neuro-psychiatric disorders disabled more men than were killed by the enemy.” The author concluded that much of the neurosis and the emotional instability so prevalent on the European continent today must be ascribed to the ghastly terrors of the conflict of 1914-1918.

We believe that the appeal and the conclusion were based on sound reasoning. No one can deny that absorption in books aids greatly in maintaining the emotional balance of a nation amid frequent air-raid alarms, the bursting of bombs, the rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire, and the booming of anti-aircraft cannon. Modern warfare submits the nerves and the minds of non-combatants as well as combatants to a terrific strain. Reading has a tendency to relieve the tension. Even a brief visit to a psychopathic ward in one of the numer-

ous veterans' hospitals maintained by our government shows that war often works frightful havoc on the minds of those who are exposed to its unspeakable horrors and bestialities.



### The Pope and the Fascists

IS THE Vatican in a dilemma? Is it changing its policies with respect to the war? Is Pius XII seeking to appease the Axis powers? Is he blowing hot and cold at one and the same time?

We are puzzled. For years the Fascist party and the Holy See found it possible to get along. Relations became strained, of course, when Hitler began to dictate to Mussolini. The Vatican could not consistently say Yea and Amen to the totalitarian control of the human personality; neither could it countenance the peculiar concepts of racial superiority and inferiority which had been manufactured in Germany. It was on the side of General Francisco Franco during the Spanish Civil War, and it gave its blessing to Italy's brutal conquest of Ethiopia; but it protested against the rape of Poland and sent messages of encouragement to the Queen of the Netherlands, to the King of the Belgians, and to the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg when the Nazi war-machine sud-

denly unleashed its fury against the three little countries. The Pope condemned the invasion of Norway and declared with burning eloquence that powerful nations had no right to enrich themselves at the expense of their weak neighbors. When Stalin sent the Red Army against Finland, the Holy See was not slow to denounce the wanton aggression.

A conflict between the Pope and Fascism became unavoidable when the *Osservatore Romano* began to deal with certain phases of the war in a manner which was diametrically opposed to the well-laid plans and purposes of the powerful autocrat who gave orders to Mussolini from Berlin. As a result, the paper was first kept from the newsstands and later compelled to cease giving editorial expression to opinions on important events and trends in Europe. It was apparent to all that the Vatican did not sympathize with Hitler's aims and was only partially in accord with the policies of *Il Duce*. There was the knotty problem of reconciling what the Holy See subscribed to in Italy's purposes with its attitude toward the doings of Nazism.

Now we hear that the Vatican has recognized the Pétain-Laval government in France—a government which has delivered thousands of refugees to the vengeance

of the Nazis, has begun to persecute the Jews, and has donned the ugly mantle of totalitarianism.

'Tis passing strange. Is it true, as some contend, that the new régime in France, the Fascists in Italy, and General Franco in Spain are working together to establish a Latin bloc in opposition to Nazi Germany and that the Pope thinks his own interests will be served best by encouraging such a plan? Or does the Holy See consider it expedient to throw some of its favor in the direction of Berlin?

We are fascinated by jigsaw puzzles; but this one has us stumped.



### Barnum Right?

SOME of our favorite reading, after we've pushed aside the monthly stack of foreign correspondents' autobiographies and of novels about America's pioneers by ex-newspapermen, is the "Notices of Judgment" sent out at certain intervals by the United States Food and Drug Administration. The reading is just as hair-raising as any murder tale by Mignon Eberhart. More often than not, especially when the "Notices of Judgment" are about feminine purchases, these notices bolster up our repressed male ego. For example, not so long ago the Food



and Drug Administration made public thirty court decisions adversely affecting eyelash and eyebrow dyes, lipsticks, facial creams, lotions, and deodorants. The male detectives of the Administration who try to protect the American female in her feverish quest for beauty quite regularly uncover some foul odors in the beauty business.

For instance, just the other day the United States Government studied with a very jaundiced eye a large quantity of eyelash and eyebrow dye. The court action showed that the dyes contained "a poisonous or deleterious substance — paraphenylenediamine — which might have rendered it injurious to users under the conditions of use prescribed in its labelling." Then there's the case of the 40,000 lipsticks which were accused of containing cadmium and selenium, two elements causing no end of trouble to a lipstickier. The government shipped the 40,000 lipsticks back to where they came from. As for the various creams and lotions which the feminine heart delights in—the less said the better. One of these claimed to have the ability to make riddance of moles; a second swore that it could eradicate pimples; another claimed to be the cure for dandruff and eczema. It's a tragic tale. Women by the thousands bought this stuff.

Certain laws prevent our mentioning the names of these wicked manufacturers. You can obtain them by writing to the Food and Drug Administration. In a way, of course, one can't blame the manufacturers. If a woman is a sucker about beauty, let her pay the price for the privilege. Anyway, we always were of the opinion that when woman is on the hunt for beauty aids she needs masculine protection and lots of it.



### Sparta to the Fore

ONE of the results of the war is the shifting of the world capital from Paris to Berlin. Long known as the capital of the western world, Paris represented a certain set of values and ideas which the western man has held very precious. Particularly those liberties which are political have had their origin for good or bad, in Paris. Today Paris is in the hands of Berlin. That is a symbol of a dying world. Now we are living, Harold Callendar says, in a Berlinish world where the Spartan ideals of force and of sacrifice to the state are abroad. Berlin has a dynamic energy which Paris long ago lost or discounted as unimportant. The Paris of the Third Republic represented a certain type of gracious living, a tolerance of divisions in political

thought, and, unfortunately, an indifference to religion. Berlin is efficient, impersonal, determined to obtain the lead, and, do not forget, equally as pagan as the city on the Seine. Paris has the encrustation of ages, but Berlin still smells a trifle of wet paint. One hundred years from now Berlin may be like Paris. Perhaps. To establish a world capital, more than efficiency, driving energy, and zeal are needed. Ideas and ideals, sustained and constant, a continuous devotion to beauty as the expression of every-day living: these are just a few of the qualities necessary in the building of a world center.



### What About Australia?

THERE is no denying of the fact that Australia, which is an autonomous dominion and a member of the British Commonwealth, is in a bad way economically and, from a military and naval point of view, strategically. If the British Navy is reduced considerably, then Australia as well as New Zealand will be in a parlous position. Australia seems to be more tightly bound to Europe than, let us say, Canada. Her trade relations with the United Kingdom are, according to economic authorities, intimately joined with her internal in-

dustrial and agricultural health.

Australia is possibly just as British as the British Isles. She has no large minority population. Canada, remember, has 3,000,000 French-Canadians. Should England be deprived of her dominant position in the Pacific, especially through the loss of Singapore, then Australia will be cut loose and will find herself drifting, unwillingly, on uncharted economic seas. She is independent to a large extent of imports. She has developed industrially in the last decades to an amazing degree. She can export primary products on a large scale. Loss of the British market would, therefore, work hardship on Australia's 6,000,000 inhabitants: for where could Australia find a market for exports?

We are not proposing that we establish some sort of cartel to aid Australia. We have our hands full with South America. But the United States should in one way or another consider her Australian cousins, for Australia's way of life, politically and economically, follows our pattern in more ways than one. It would be shameful indeed to see that country swallowed by some totalitarian power in the Pacific. As things stand now, we are the only democratic power able to relieve Australia of an economic pressure that is certain to grow worse with each month.



### Triumph of the Soya

**E**VENTUALLY all things lowly triumph. Look at the Brooklyn Dodgers or the Cleveland Indians! You never can tell. Now comes the soya bean to join the select company. So high has the soya bean climbed that having or not having enough soya beans may determine the outcome of the war. When the Russians seized Bessarabia Germany's soya bean supply was seriously threatened. If Germany suffers a shortage of soya beans, then we can almost confidently predict the ultimate victory of the English.

Germany uses the soya bean in countless foods. The United States think they use a lot when consumption reaches 300,000 tons of soya flour. German imports alone of the soya bean reached the startling total of 500,000 tons for the first six months of 1939. German soya reserves may total about two million tons, enough to feed the Third Reich for a good five months.

Soya beans in the form of Edelsoya supply the human body with proteins, fat, and carbohydrates. In German soups, sausages, and bread there is a large amount of soya flour, although you may be unaware of it. A pound of soya flour is equal in nutritional value to two pounds of a good Wyoming T-bone steak. At any rate, if you have been wondering how the

German army acquired the courage to overrun Warsaw, the Liège forts, and Bordeaux, you may be sure that the soya bean was right at the front fighting.

Major prediction for the next decade: Watch the soya bean go places!



### The Old Refrain

**T**HERE is still quite a bit of loose talk making the rounds about the fruit, vegetable, grain, poultry, and dairy surplus which is supposed to exist in our land. Some of the bright boys continue to suggest a curtailment of production of such products, arguing that a farmer must control production in the same way as an automobile or refrigerator manufacturer. The fact is that there is no true surplus of farm products. We doubt if there ever will be. There is simply the inability on the part of some ten million people to buy cheese and celery and peaches and oranges. Milo Perkins, head of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, calls the situation "this nightmare of underconsumption . . . the black plague of the 20th century."

Two classes suffer from underconsumption: the farmers and the unemployed. The farmer's production, despite terrific losses from drought, has increased as

much as 50%. Corn farmers, in the three-year period of 1936-1939, raised 23% more corn on a smaller acreage than in a corresponding period ten years back. During the last war farmers of the Great Plains area ploughed up some forty million acres in a desperate effort to grow wheat and make money. For a time they were successful. But when the war was over, foreign trade was permanently dislocated. Today there is little exporting of American farm products. But those forty million acres haven't been reduced substantially.

The unemployed are in an even more tragic position. It has been pointed out that in December, 1939, we very nearly reached the 1929 level of industrial production. Still there remained conservatively, ten million unemployed in our nation. Surely a large percentage of those ten million would accept jobs if they knew where to find them. They can't find the jobs. "We've been smart enough to make tractors and mechanical corn-pickers and dial telephones: are we smart enough to find work for the folks they've thrown out of work?"

If our nation loathes the prospect of fascism and if we feel the farmer is entitled to sell his products in a good market to a ready buyer, then it's time to solve the problem of underconsumption

with the same good will and courage which America has contributed to the solution of its other problems.



### They Always "Muddle Through"

SO MUCH serious discussion is taking place with regard to the situation of England in these trying days that it is rather a relief to hear some of the good-natured stories on our British cousins that are currently making the rounds and that serve as well to shed light on the British character. Here is a typical one:

It seems that a former British air minister, whom we shall call Lord A, was taking up a young cub lieutenant on a seaplane flight. Lord A was notably absent-minded, which accounts for the fact that, after some time in the air, he made ready to land the seaplane on a nearby landing field, overlooking the minor fact that seaplane pontoons and Mother Earth just don't go together. The young lieutenant uttered not a word, gritted his teeth, and steeled himself for the impending crash. When but a few hundred feet separated them from terra firma, Lord A suddenly realized that all was not as it should be and in time's nick zoomed his plane upward, staying in the air



until he brought the seaplane to a gentle repose on the placid waters of the Channel.

Lord A thereupon turned to his young companion, who had been sitting mute all the while, and began to praise him for his fortitude and for his strict obedience to his superior officer in not seizing the controls or even crying out in the tense moments when it seemed that his lordship had gone berserk.

"Stout fellow!" he exclaimed. "That's keeping your head in a tight spot, my boy! I saw you gritting your teeth before when you thought we were going to crash. You thought that I had forgotten that this was a seaplane, didn't you? Don't worry. I knew all the time what I was doing. I hadn't forgotten, no, sir!" Whereupon his lordship opened the door of the plane and stepped out into the English Channel.

Which story leads us to agree with the commentator who told it: "Sure, we love the English. But understand them? Never!"

We Americans can't understand, among other things, the English stoicism in the face of impending chaos. We can't understand how they always manage, somehow or other, "to muddle through." But we have a sneaking suspicion that they're going to "muddle through" once more. Civilization will be better for it.

### Time for the Salt-Shaker

THE political battle lines are already beginning to form, and the combatants are girding themselves for the fray. At this writing the sentiment seems to be pretty evenly divided between the Republican and Democratic candidates, with the Gallup Poll giving Willkie a slight lead in the electoral votes—if the election were to be held today. Willkie may be a political novice, but he is losing no time learning the technique of political campaigning, as his Western junket and his rear platform speeches indicate. In the other camp, Roosevelt's choice of a Tammany chieftain as chairman of the Democratic National Committee is bound to have wide repercussions.

It would be the height of folly to venture any prediction as to the outcome of the campaign at this early date. Presidential elections are not won in August or September. There is no doubt that the progress of the war overseas will have a tremendous bearing upon the American political campaign. Until November we shall just have to possess our souls in patience.

But we are safe in making one prediction: There will be plenty of "smearing" as the politicians take to the hustings between now and November. And that is where our

civic and Christian conscience must enter in. We must be careful to distinguish between what is true and what is simply political propaganda, popularly known as "hooy." And it is neither decent nor patriotic to engage in vilification of any candidate or to be swayed by purely personal considerations. The Eighth Commandment will again suffer enough abuse in the forthcoming campaign without our adding to that abuse. Let the issues at stake—and they are momentous ones—be decided on their own merits. That happens to be at once the intelligent, the patriotic, and the Christian course to follow.

Get out the salt shaker, gentle reader. You will have need of more than one grain between now and November.



### Labor's Plight

WESTBROOK PEGLER, one of America's best known newspaper columnists, has devoted many of his articles during the past months to an exposure of gangsters and racketeers whom he alleges to be leaders in the ranks of organized American labor. He has dipped his naturally incisive pen into vitriol and has turned with most scathing and blistering denunciations upon William Green, the president of the Amer-

ican Federation of Labor, for tolerating the hoodlum element, as he asserts, in positions of union leadership.

When Mike Carrozzo, a notorious racketeer, who had amassed so large a fortune that only a ten-thousand-dollar bronze coffin was regarded as worthy to hold his corpse when he died the other day, could be the controlling factor of twenty-five different unions in the city of Chicago, it becomes quite apparent that Mr. Pegler has not drawn his descriptions of union leadership out of thin air. Naturally, no decent American citizen, whether he be businessman, professional man, or laborer can approve of such conditions in the ranks of union labor. But the question is, What should the attitude of right-thinking citizens be toward this pitiful situation in which organized labor finds itself?

We would say, first, that every thoughtful citizen should remember that if racketeers are controlling many labor unions today, the responsibility for this situation must not all be laid at the doors of labor, but in part also at the doors of business and industrial concerns which have employed shop spies and strong-arm men to prevent decent laboring men with in their plants and businesses from organizing. If labor introduced hoodlums so as to become



organized, it did this partly for the purpose of fighting fire with fire. That does not justify labor, but it does explain.

We believe, in the second place, that every decent American citizen should think with sympathy of the millions of honest and honorable workingmen who, under the system of organized labor, are now compelled to pay exorbitant fees in order to make millionaires of hoodlums who made their organization possible.

We think, in the third place, that every well-meaning American citizen should give whatever aid he can, by voting for honest public officials and by supporting of the principle of organized labor, that the decent elements among the workingmen may be encouraged to throw off the incubus which is sapping the life of their organizations and making them a stench in the nostrils of American citizens. Only an understanding and helpful attitude will enable labor to clean up its ranks.



### Anniversary of Terror

A YEAR has elapsed since the dogs of war were unleashed in Europe. Poland, Norway, Denmark, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg have lost their independence. Finland has been clawed

and bitten by the wild beast of the Kremlin. Rumania has been forced to disgorge Bessarabia and Northern Bucovina. Hungary is clamoring for Transylvania. Bulgaria wants Dobruja. France, crushed into impotence, has embraced totalitarianism. Greece and Yugoslavia are terror-stricken. Turkey is in a dilemma. Sweden has been deprived of all freedom of action. Mussolini, master of swagger and wise in the ways of the jackal, is trying in the sweat of his brow to win fame as great as that of the conquerors who built a mighty empire for Rome in days of old. Japan, like a hunger-crazed tiger, is stalking the rich lands of the Far East.

Britain continues to deal blow for blow in her life-and-death struggle with Germany and Italy. Up to this writing, Hitler has not yet sent his legions across the English Channel and the North Sea to invade the "tight little Isle"; but there are daily raids from the air. The greatest battle of all time may have been joined long before these words appear in print. Who knows? What the outcome of the fight will be no man can tell.

The reverberations of the year-old holocaust in Europe are being felt in every nook and cranny of the world. Our own country is arming to the teeth and making ready to conscript its man-power. South and Central America know

that they cannot be isolated from the aftermath of the torrential upheaval across the seas.

For months it was dinned into our ears by wiseacre-correspondents that this was a "phoney" war. France, trusting complacently in the Maginot Line, heedless of the warnings spoken by those who urged her to look more carefully to her weapons, and blind to sinister forces that were boring from within, believed that economic warfare, carried on with her own fleet and the colossal navy of Britain, would enable her to win in due course without the shedding of much blood. But the cunning, the might, and the elemental fury of Naziism soon forced the Third Republic into abject surrender. Hitler's psychological warfare, reinforced with bombs, tanks, guns, bayonets, marching feet, espionage, and the technique of the Trojan Horse, ground the people of France into the gore-drenched dust. The *Führer* seized the initiative, rode roughshod over small nations that stood in the way, and divided his

opponents. He had long before planned to pick them off one by one. Now those who declared and managed the abortive war of France against Germany are being brought to trial before a Fascist-dominated court—a court from which there is no appeal.

Yes, the world is observing an anniversary of blood and tears and destruction. No one believes any longer that this war was ever a "phoney" business. We know better than ever before that it is ghastly beyond the telling and that it is being waged for infinitely greater stakes than a mere shifting of the balance of power in Europe. It is a tremendous revolution. There is greed on both sides, to be sure; but if we do not realize that totalitarianism in all its thoroughness and in all its ugly brutality is bending every effort to discredit and destroy those forms of government that stand for the right of the individual citizen to freedom of speech and freedom of conscience, we are misreading the signs of the times.



### *Political Campaigns*

"Political campaigns are designedly made into emotional orgies which endeavor to distract attention from the real issues involved, and they actually paralyze what slight powers of cerebration man can normally muster."—

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON



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# The PILGRIM



By O. P. KRETZMANN

*"All the trumpets sounded  
for him on the other side"*

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

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## And Yet

SOMETHING important this month. . . . At least I hope so. . . . There are two reasons. . . . First: A few nights ago I was brought up short by a striking sentence written by my colleague of the Alembic. . . . Tucked away in a corner of the *Lutheran Witness*, it rang like a high bell: "We know a man who does not expect to be assigned to a place in the great mansions and who asks no more than a humble arbor where no telephone will trouble and where toil is ended. But when half an eternity or so has been spent lis-

tening to the great chant, wafted to him from far away over beds of asphodel, of those more worthy than he and closer to The Presence—he hopes to have some wiser ones come and visit him and explain why in the far-off, unhappy days of earth there had to be, ever and anon, strife and contention among those who loved the Lord Jesus and who all in sincerity called him Master." . . . That needs comment. . . .

Second reason: I have spent most of the last two months with the rising generation. . . . A strangely lovable crowd. . . . We have not given them much, these children of a dying world. . . . Stones for bread, guns for butter, unemployment for work, fear for hope, hate for love. . . . Their candles burn low. . . . It was inevitable that they would build a wall of cynicism against the world which we have made for them. . . . I was not especially disturbed by that. . . . In fact, their cynicism was often a measure of their sensitivity to the horror of the twentieth century. . . . The more sensitive they were, the greater was the danger of cynicism. . . . Listening to their skeptical, yet curiously wistful, remarks about life and living, I heard the echo of the thunder over Sinai. . . . The sins of the fathers upon the heads of the children—inevitably and terribly. . . .

One thing, however, disturbed me more than anything else. . . .

Their appalling cynicism concerning the Church. . . . They were willing to listen to the voice of Jesus Christ. . . . He seemed to haunt them as He has always haunted men and women who have caught a glimpse of His figure staggering along the Way of Sorrows. . . . For the Church, however, many of them had little use. . . . The faults and mistakes over which my colleague of the Alembic vaults into the "fields of asphodel" were too near and too great for them. . . . They were unable to close the awful gap between the faith which the Church professes and the faith she lives. . . . Too much organization. . . . Too many hypocrites. . . . Too much hate and not enough love. . . . Too many men and women who have reduced the living glory of the Christian faith to a cold acceptance of dead intellectual propositions. . . . Too much smallness, pettiness, jealousy, fear. . . . Not enough great hearts and great souls. . . . Not enough children of the prophets and apostles. . . .

I know what they were talking about. . . . It is no accident that the word "ecclesiastic" has taken on a dark and sinister meaning. . . . Even the word "preach" has become suspect. . . . Again and again these children of our mistakes said, "Oh don't preach to us." . . .

And so I am compelled, even as my colleague, to say, "And yet"

. . . "Nevertheless." . . . "Despite everything." . . . Certainly it is one of the mysteries of evil that it is able to corrupt human hearts even when they are engaged in the highest and holiest task on earth. . . . How men and women who live in the light of the Gospel, the story of grace and love and freedom and forgiveness, can be mean and small and narrow and hateful is one of the dark puzzles of life and time. . . . Perhaps we have forgotten that the man who by word or action breaks the law of love—and almost all the sins of the Church and churchmen lie here—is both heretic and schismatic. . . . The first step toward the solution of our problem is the full realization of the gravity of our offense. . . .

And yet. . . . There is something else. . . . We must not permit the rising generation to see only the wrong side of the tapestry. . . . Beyond the hypocrites and the pharisees stands the great silent host of the hidden saints. . . . Young men who consciously enter a profession in which there will be no prospect for earthly reward, in which they will always be at the mercy of sharp tongues. . . . Despised by half the world and ridiculed by nearly all the rest. . . . In lonely mission stations, in forgetful cities, in depressing slums. . . . The nurse who gives her years to healing, the mother who makes her work in the kitchen a *Te*



*Deum*, the invalid who holds back the tears until there is no one to see, the young woman who makes the pounding of the typewriter an act of worship—these are the real children of God. . . . They are the greatest subjects of the King. . . . We must not forget them. . . .

And yet. . . . Behind and above the visible Church stands the invisible communion of saints. . . . The Body of Christ. . . . The City of God. . . . The Bride of Christ. . . . Without spot or stain. . . . Hypocrites are forever without her walls. . . . Only Christians are inside. . . . And Christians are made by God. . . . They stand in the line that runs red from Calvary to the lilies of heaven. . . . They were treading the highways of the world when Stephen was stoned. . . . And St. Paul wrote from a prison cell. . . . They were in the world when St. Augustine died at Hippo and Luther lived at Worms. . . . They are the Gulf Stream of history. . . .

This is the Church of Christ. . . . It is time for us to see again the height and depth of the worn and wonderful words: "I believe in the Holy Christian Church, the Communion of Saints." . . . The living messenger of the living God. . . . The contemporary of all civilizations. . . . The building of living stones rising under the gentle hammers of the grace of God. . . . Dictators and Kings may change the scaffolding, but not the struc-

ture. . . . The noise in Europe is only an adjustment in one part of the scaffold. . . . Everything good in our world has come from the Church. . . . She has been the Mother of freedom, the inspirer of music and painting and architecture, the guardian of men's minds, and the hope of men's hearts. . . . She is the communion which inhabits the world and the ages, sweeping from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil to the "fields of asphodel." . . .

And so. . . . I suggest that the rising generation look again at the words, "I believe in the Holy Christian Church." . . . In our day the low place of the bruised reed and the smoking flax, but also the high place of trumpets and the soldiers of God. . . . And here is the one structure which will outlast the stars. . . . This is the throne of Him Who gave His life for her. . . . I believe in the Holy Christian Church because it is the last institution on earth that holds out for something great and eternal in an hour when human life is cheap. . . . I believe in the Holy Christian Church because it is the only institution that makes me free. . . . Free from the modern heresy that license is liberty. . . . I believe in the Holy Christian Church because it is the only institution that speaks of God and His love. . . . I believe in the Holy Christian Church because I believe in Jesus Christ. . . . And

life's highest privilege, I am very sure, is to light a candle, however small and feeble, on her altars. . . .

To my colleague who looks toward the fields of asphodel, I suggest a re-reading of Francis Thompson's "Ecclesiastical Ballads." . . . In "Lilium Regis" he looked that way too:

O Lily of the King! how lies thy silver wing,

And long has been the hour of thine unqueening;

And thy scent of Paradise on the night-wind spills its sighs,

Nor any take the secrets of its meaning.

O Lily of the King! I speak a heavy thing,

O patience, most sorrowful of daughters!

Lo, the hour is at hand for the troubling of the land,

And red shall be the breaking of the waters.

Sit fast upon thy stalk, when the blast shall with thee talk,

With the mercies of the King for thine awning;

And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,

Thine hour at hand with power in the dawning.

When the nations lie in blood, and their kings a broken brood,

Look up, O most sorrowful of daughters!

Lift up thy head and hark what sounds are in the dark,

For His feet are coming to thee on the waters!

O Lily of the King! I shall not see, that sing,

I shall not see the hour of thy queening!

But my Song shall see, and wake like a flower that dawn-winds shake,

And sigh with joy the odours of its meaning.

O Lily of the King, remember then the thing

That this dead mouth sang; and thy daughters,

As they dance before His way, sing there on the Day

What I sang when the Night was on the waters!



## Indian Summer

ABOUT this time of the waning year, there are always a few days which we know as Indian Summer. . . . Warm and still. . . . A huge moon hangs over trees that are red and brown. . . . Turning from the gold of summer to the silver of winter. . . . Wood smoke in the air. . . . Indian Summer is the present, poised delicately and precariously between the past and the future. . . . The gossamer veil between yesterday and tomorrow. . . . For the moment the law of change seems to hang changeless in the quiet light of the late sun. . . . Winter is in the next change of the wind. . . . Our last holiday from the mortal and inevitable storm. . . .

Something like this hovers over Van Wyck Brooks' latest and greatest volume, *New England: Indian Summer*. . . . THE CRESSET will



review it later. . . . As brilliantly conceived and written as his magnificent *The Flowering of New England*. It tells the story of 1865-1915. . . . The melancholy tale of the decline of a culture which carried within it the seed of its own destruction. . . . More about it later. . . . At this point only a few notes for students of religious history who are interested in the religion of the world's Indian Summer. . . . "The decay of the old religion had left the religious instinct unsatisfied, and the Yankee mind was lost without the causes that had given it an outlet and a focus. These psychical mysteries filled a void; and, if this was true among thinking people, was it not truer still in a village world that abounded in ailing women and empty houses?" . . . "In these stranded villages and lonely homesteads, one found countless queer and stricken women brooding on death and disease, obsessed with their complaints and their troubles and symptoms. If they had

'complications' in addition to troubles, they aroused a special interest in their families and neighbors, and many a young girl had tantrums and conniption-fits when she could not attract attention by other methods. Hysteria in all its forms, the fruit of isolation and repression, thrived in these regions, and one heard all manner of rumours of miraculous cures." . . . "These border-line activities, which were neither religion nor science, partook of both; and Mrs. Eddy's rising fortunes showed how far they answered a deep, insistent need of the population. It was riddled with nervous disorders. It was also bored. The dusky genius of Mrs. Eddy was therefore a sign of the times, a portent of the race, the place, the moment; for only a time of declining vitality, only a region at ebb-tide could have given birth to the cult of Christian Science. It presupposed hysteria as the normal condition; for health is the centre of religion only for the sick." . . .



### *The Ideal Man*

"The Ideal Man of the eighteenth century was the Rationalist; of the seventeenth, the Christian stoic; of the Renaissance, the Free Individual; of the Middle Ages, the Contemplative Saint. And what is our Ideal Man? On what grand and luminous mythological figure does contemporary humanity attempt to model itself? The question is embarrassing. Nobody knows."—ALDOUS HUXLEY.

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# GAMBLING IN GRANDMA'S GOWN

By GERVASIUS FISCHER

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OUR world has become increasingly callous to the gambling vice. Gambling is commonly looked upon as an innocent pastime indulged in by the rich for lack of more exciting things to do, and as a star of hope for the poor in their struggle for existence.

Gambling thrives best in time of economic stress. During the days of financial ague grandmother lies in her bed, patiently waiting for little Red Riding Hood and her basket of revenue butter, hospital bread, and church cakes. The wolf finds this the opportune time to pay the feeble old lady a visit.

Our day is still debating whether gambling is the little girl with the basket of goodies for State, Charity, and Church, or whether it is the big bad wolf. However, in our typical good-natured American trial-and-error fashion, we say, "Come in!" long before we have made sure who is

at the door. While we are still debating whether gambling is moral, unmoral, or immoral, whether it should be countenanced when its profits flow into the coffers of charity, or whether it should in every case be rooted out and prosecuted, we have already pulled the latchstring and opened wide the door. So gambling, whether Red Riding Hood or the Wolf, is in.

Even though our nearsightedness prevents us from fully recognizing our visitor, we do see that he has grown terribly big in a very short time. The slot machine industry has been the fastest growing business since 1929, and in 1939 it employed some 70,000. In 1937 \$400,000,000 were placed in bets at 70-odd race tracks in the United States, and since then this sum, according to conservative estimates, has increased another \$100,000,000. Punch-board operators are collecting about \$300,000,000 a year.



Massachusetts—where once it was illegal to kiss your wife on the Sabbath—at its two greyhound race tracks in 1939 admitted 1,335,378 spectators who drew a play of \$19,145,979. In five years of dog racing in the Bay State, small bettors alone have passed a neat \$100,000,000 through mutuel windows. If we add to these figures the estimated billion dollars which the American people have invested in foreign sweepstakes, Bingo, card gambling, lotteries, and similar devices, we must realize that gambling has become a huge business enterprise of itself, growing faster than most legitimate industries. As such it is playing an important part in our social and economic situation.

Gambling is not a modern invention but is probably as old as civilization itself. It may be well to recall a few historic references to it. Lotteries were well patronized institutions in the Roman Empire, and as Rome was rising to the zenith of its outward glory and at the same time slipping into depths of degeneracy, gambling was among the most popular national pastimes and unnatural vices. Caesar betrays his gambling spirit when he proclaims, "The die is cast; we cross the Rubicon." Augustus and Nero used lotteries to balance the budget. At the Saturnalia lot-

teries were held in which the first prize was a slave and the "booby" award six fat houseflies.

Lotteries seem to have disappeared with the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of Christianity. Then we hear of a lottery held at Bruges in 1446. From then on they become more and more frequent. In 1559 Queen Elizabeth authorized a lottery and pressed the people for subscriptions. In 1627 a license was given to raise money for the aqueduct from Hoddesdon to London in the same way. In the course of the seventeenth century lotteries became increasingly popular both in England and on the Continent, and in the following century all Europe became lottery-crazy.

America, too, had its lotteries. George Washington bought the first ticket in the \$5,000,000 drawing of the Continental Congress. Faneuil Hall in Boston was restored by lottery profits after its burning in 1761. New York held its first drawing in 1655. The premiums consisted of bibles, and the cash raised was given to the poor.

Lotteries are considered by many as a boon in times of financial distress—as a means of redistributing wealth—and any demagogic scheme to redistribute wealth, no matter how unsound, will meet with an enthusiastic reception by the masses. There comes to mind the Drake Estate

bubble of a few years ago, when \$1,300,000 was collected by one man through voluntary collectors and whisperers who promised to distribute the mystic 75 billion dollar estate of the great Sir Francis Drake to all who would contribute toward court costs. Opportunity to invest was allegedly given only to reputable middle-class citizens and the industrious poor, in order to put the wealth of the world into their worthy hands. One of the innocent collectors told us that when the Drake Estate would be settled by the secret Ecclesiastic Court of England, the Pope himself would be bankrupt! And now, even after the original schemer has been put into safe-keeping by the Government, we understand that the collections are continuing, with the perennial promise, "In about ninety days you will get your check! It ought to bring \$1000 for each dollar invested!" Some people still think there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow!

The benefits to be derived from government lotteries and legalized gambling are made to sparkle like synthetic diamonds. Irish sweepstakes allotted \$46,179,000 to Irish Free State Hospitals. West Australia provides a million dollars a year for its hospitals by taxes on gambling. Cases like the recent one of the Mason family of Philadelphia are mentioned to demon-

strate how individuals are helped by their winnings. The Masons won \$150,000 on a \$2.50 ticket for the Irish Sweepstakes. After paying their income tax and restoring several thousand dollars to the local Relief Board, they bought a modest home, and with the balance they are rebuilding a whole block of tenements in their city. Another favorite argument is that gambling is an innate instinct of man, that life itself is a gamble, that the gambling spirit of man can never be eradicated, and that the government might as well tax it and benefit by it.

Many a church has opened its door to gambling with remarkable results. Bingo, roulette wheels, rafflings have in many circles become a vital factor in supporting the Kingdom of God. Articles are begged from merchants, are raffled off for many times their value and given to the winners, and the ticket proceeds are presented to the Lord; Bingo and Beano, card tournaments with prizes, have become such a "rage" in some parts that churches which refuse to use such methods for church support seem outdated. Signs on churches like this one in New York City are frequent: "Bingo every Thursday Nite in the Holy Spirit room." On my desk is an advertisement headed, "St. Augustine Weekly Bingo," and offering \$1500 in cash



gifts and a chance on a special \$750 Christmas gift with each admission. The Rev. Francis Talbot, S.J., editor of *America* writes: "I cannot go frenzied over the puritanic precisionists, who rate . . . bingo as a major sin. Rather am I frenzied at those pulpiteers who remain silent on such major ills as godless schools, loose faith, easy divorce, and shout down wrath on a little shell game that ruins neither piety nor morals, character nor families."

A survey made by the Institute of Public Opinion revealed that more people gamble in church-conducted lotteries and raffles than in any other form of gambling. Dr. George Gallup gives us these figures: Church lotteries, 29%; punch boards, 26%; slot machines, 23%; playing cards for money, 21%; betting on elections, 19%; sweepstake tickets, 13%; betting on horseraces, 10%; number games, 9%. He further reveals that more than five persons in every 10 in the United States indulge in some form of gambling; most of them freely admitted that they came out on the losing end, and 45% of all who gambled admitted that they were on relief.

How must we evaluate gambling? If gambling is a game of chance, how does it distinguish itself from other ventures of life? When the farmer seeds the fields, when another man builds a house,

buys property, starts a business, buys bonds, all are taking somewhat of a chance. When our housewives, during the first days of the war scare, flocked to the stores and stocked up on sugar, flour, and other staples, they were investing money, taking a chance on the rise of prices.

Would such investments, which in a measure involve a risk, be called gambling? Certainly not. These investments were based upon a fair exchange of existing values. The Supreme Court of Kansas, in rendering a decision on lottery, held that gambling enters only where "chance is the determining factor." If you take my money and I take yours, or if either of us take the money of a third on the mere outcome of a chance turn of dice, or of the wheel, or of a card, that is called gambling. If, however, our money is used as a means of fair exchange of values, be they real, mental, or professional, that cannot be called gambling.

All material things are subject to fluctuations in value, and so the value of my investment may either increase or decrease: but in taking such a risk I am not necessarily gambling. It could be classed as gambling if I bought stock or property at many times its real value, only because there would be a chance that its price might go still higher. In that case

I would not be investing my money in the expectation of receiving honest returns, but I would be gambling, with the hope of getting from other gamblers what they in turn were trying to get from me.

The gambling spirit, then, in its essence grows from selfishness and greed. It seeks to get much for little, or even something for nothing. It is one of the offshoots of man's inborn sin. Like all such outgrowths it appears at first to be harmless, innocent, or even beneficial, but eventually it turns into a vicious disease which enslaves the individual victim and contaminates society. Herbert Spencer said, "The happiness of the winner involves the misery of the loser."

The vicious influence of lotteries and gambling was universally recognized about a hundred years ago. In England, on the Continent, and in the United States, opposition to it rapidly increased, and it was soon outlawed by all the States. Only the Grand Extraordinary Louisiana Grand Lottery, which had received a 25-year charter, was allowed to continue. It had a monopoly on the business, and by the 80's it was putting a ticket into the pocket of one out of every five citizens. It made multimillionaires of John A. Morris, czar of the lottery, and his associates. Sales-

men collected about \$28,000,000 a year from gamblers. As a result, gambling came to be looked upon as a "big bad wolf." This led to several acts of Congress in the nineties making it unlawful to send lottery advertisements and tickets through the mails.

It does not require extensive investigation to prove that gambling breeds crime. The fact that gambling houses and slot machines are operated openly in states where they are forbidden clearly indicates the hidden link between politicians and the underworld which makes possible this billion-dollar-a-year business. In one month the Post Office department issued fraud orders against 412 bona fide operators for the Irish Sweepstakes.

The gambler is always the loser. Looking for something to be gained for nothing, he eventually loses all love and incentive for honest industry, becomes an unreliable and untrustworthy worker, and is often tempted to theft.

The idea that legalized gambling would prove beneficial to our country is built on the false premise that our country needs nothing more than a distribution of its wealth. Even if legalized gambling would fill our government treasury—which is more than doubtful—still the strength and prosperity of our country



does not lie in treasury receipts, but in the protection it offers to its citizens against all destructive forces. Besides, it must not be overlooked that a government has the responsibility of educating and training its people aright. Legalized gambling may bring quick revenues, but the vital question is, How will it affect the character of the citizenry and especially of the growing generation? When Rome thought only of giving the populace "*panem and circenses*" it trained a nation of weaklings who feebly waited from day to day for Little Red Riding Hood's basket of goodies. Then one day the wolf came.

One of the pills which is especially bitter for us to swallow is the fact that some churches even speak of "gambling for charity." Such "charity" is in the same category as the "charity ball," which harks back to those famous Red Cross dances for the suffering soldiers in Flanders!

"Charity" is derived from a Greek word which means "love." In the Scriptures it is used to designate the love of God. This love of God is reflected in the acts of love by which Christians hold out a helping hand to their less fortunate fellowmen.

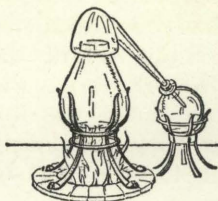
Now look at gambling for charity! If Christians are aware of the financial needs of a church, or of a Christian school, or of a

hospital, or of their poverty-stricken neighbors, they need no other inducement than love to provide for those needs.

Churches that resort to all kinds of gambling schemes to raise money are instilling in their people the spirit of selfishness and greed rather than that of true charity. A church that offers prizes with \$1500 to the lucky winners, in order to raise an equal amount for the support of the church, is wasting half of what rightly belongs to the church. If it cannot raise that amount without such schemes, it has no right to the money. As a charitable institution, the Christian Church has a right only to the love of its constituents. A gambling church is a monstrosity.

Legalized gambling, too, is a waste. Millions are wasted to provide our state treasuries with needed funds. The state has a fairer method at its disposal: taxation. Taxation can be controlled, but gambling can never be controlled. Gambling will never teach citizens industry but will reduce them to beggars and thieves.

So the wolf is in. If grandma does not recognize him betimes, little Red Riding Hood—especially that generation now being reared under Christian influence—will. Her call for help will not be in vain if the hunter has kept his powder dry!



# THE ALEMBIC

By THEODORE GRAEBNER

*"The world cares little for anything a man has to utter that has not previously been distilled in the alembic of his life."*

HOLLAND, Gold-Foil



**Fifteen Thousand Dollars for a Cat.** The St. Louis Art Museum paid that much for a cat last winter, and there was a good deal of commotion about it among the relief agents. They figured out how many families could have had their weekly dole out of that \$15,000. The Museum authorities explained that it was a very beautiful cat, carved out of diorite, something like granite, a piece of art done by an ancient

master who lived in Egypt about 3000 years ago.

On one of my periodic visits to the Higginbotham Hall on the second floor of Field Museum in Chicago, the attendant showed me a new acquisition, a rose crystal bowl about nine inches in diameter and three inches deep, a notable piece cut out of one chunk of rose quartz, of richest color and beautiful finish, for which the Museum had paid \$40,000. This piece of quartz had been acquired when the public school teachers in Chicago were receiving scrip instead of money.

Something must be wrong somewhere.

Of that there can be no doubt. The only question is, Would that which is wrong be put right if our municipalities did not spend \$15,000 for a well-carved cat or \$40,000 for the finest piece of rose crystal in the world?

The question really is whether these amounts would have done more good by being expended—not on feeding and housing the poor, but as additional lining of the pockets of political grafters and racketeers.

But the case is not as simple as all that. Let us boldly face the alternative of adding to the fare of the poor, giving them a better quality of clothes and some extra warmth in the rooms:—Would you say that we should close our



museums and art galleries—and, of course, our concert halls and opera houses? For whether the artistic appeal be made to the ear or to the eye, what difference can you find when the matter is one of doing good to the slum dwellers and down-and-outers, giving more free beds to the poor in the city hospital, additional clinics, more and better welfare work generally for all the under-privileged, instead of supporting institutions devoted to the appreciation of beauty?

And what counts for the municipality should count for the individual patron of art. I am thinking of the donation by Mr. Mellon of art treasures worth many millions, now being housed in Washington in a gallery costing ten million dollars. Your logic would compel you to say that, in view of all the physical suffering in the world, it is a crime to spend such fabulous amounts on ancient canvases. And while your logic would be right, your reasoning would be all wrong because there is more in life than what is logical and there are fields higher than the physical.

Really, this Egyptian cat will be your touch-stone on which you may try your philosophy of life so far as the values of mind and of physical existence are concerned. Frankly, you could not

live in an environment which lacks the gifts of civilization to our race. Destroy the heritage of beauty that comes to us from the furniture designers of the 18th century, from the tapestry weavers of the 16th, from the artists in porcelain who dreamed and labored in Limoges and Meissen, not to speak of the genius who 2000 years ago molded the "Portland" Vase—I say, deprive us of these treasures and of the paintings of the Renaissance and the canvases of Turner and of Inness, and of all the work of musical composers, and of the architects and the landscape artists—and you would still have, perchance, a beefstew and a stalk of celery: but would you call it life?

The soul that has received the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit can live in any surroundings. Servants of God have dwelt in caves and in the swamps, midst the rigors of cold and the heat of the tropics, and have led heroic lives, men and women of whom the world was not worthy. But that is one side. The other is that of a natural endowment, yet as divinely conferred as the supernatural—man's native love of beauty. God has made us so in His goodness, and I for one shall not sit in judgment on city councils or on individual citizens who, even in this time of distress and widespread calamity, will not

deny their fellowmen those esthetic delights which our nature craves but continue to support and endow symphony orchestras, institutes of art, and museums preserving the glories of earlier ages.



**He Has No Ear for Music and No Eye for Color**—and so a contributor to our “Letters to the Editor” department believes himself a “low-brow of the lowest rank.” Sometimes he enjoys our music critic; mostly he doesn’t: and he wonders what is wrong with himself. He asks that we treat in these columns questions of esthetics, of the principles behind the various forms of art.

Another reader sends us the story of Dadaism applied to the decorations in Marshall Field and Company and asks whether this is art—whether there is something wrong with the decorator on State Street or with the correspondent. We shall let the reader judge for himself.

The decorator in Marshall Field’s has rung a new change on the prevalent merchandising trick of using the “basic colors” to accentuate the quality of the goods. What is new about the displays at Field’s is the combination of the fabric color schemes—the five colors represented are: blue, green, rose, cedar, and mauve—

with surrealistic trappings, arranged in the manner of a Dali painting. There are such caprices as trees with whitewashed branches over which are draped full-bodied lengths of fabrics and on whose ends are hung glistening white musical notes cut from paper.

Another “Dream of Dali” employs such props as a whitewashed ladder, a plaster hand supporting a piece of drapery cord, a picture formed of cut-out pieces of fabric, a tall classic white pillar, two brightly colored balloons attached to the white quilted fabric which forms the background. Elsewhere a display is built up of whitewashed tambourine, flute, and violin, tied with white ribbon and mounted on a white background on which a little color is splashed.

This is modern art applied to the merchandising of a big store. If the reader who has seen the display thinks that there is something lacking in his appreciation of art, he simply shares that consciousness with the writer. There is about as much art in this treatment of fabrics and furnishings as there is science in the “Space-Time” conceptions of designing which was submitted to a meeting of advertisers in Indianapolis last April. The lecturer, Mr. Moholy-Nagy, Director of the Chicago School of Design, submitted what he called “a new idea of ‘space



articulation' — Space-Time Conception."

Now there is such a thing as the space-time concept, but in order to understand the nature of this thought, which is at the heart of Einstein's relativity, one must devote eight or ten semesters to the study of higher mathematics; and if one is sufficiently endowed by the Creator, the idea of the universe as a "space-time manifold" will then become clear.

Will the reader kindly note that your columnist has no idea of what is meant by the space-time concept—the world looked upon as a function of space and time, yet not identical with either of these terms as we understand them. Furthermore, he has serious doubt as to whether the talented Director of the Chicago School of Design has an idea of the "space-time conception." But he worked over the scientific concept into a new scheme—he called it a "new vision" to be made basic for advertising home furnishings. "With the arrival of the automobile and the airplane," he explained, "we now see things from below and from above and in motion." (As if our ancestors had not seen things from below, from above, and in motion!) To illustrate, Mr. Moholy-Nagy showed a side of "a house with glass walls, with a garden outside and continuing inside so that

there seemed to be no separation between outside and in." The frequent use of circular stairways was pointed out to show the element of motion that has entered into architecture.

It is a pity to think that people searching for principles of art are confronted with such efforts in esthetic education as the surrealist displays in Marshall Field's and the "Space-Time" scheme of helping home furnishers to get a "new vision" through the application of the basic idea of Einstein's metaphysics. One of the first principles of esthetics is that the beautiful object makes its appeal to the mind without any supplementary or intermediary idea, but directly, through the proportions and rhythm which make up the beautiful object. Fundamentally, it is rhythm that binds up all the concepts of what we call beautiful, whether their appeal be to the senses or to the mind.



**Rain on the Roof.** If the reader is sufficiently interested in coming down to the fundamental principle of art, particularly if he wishes to apply the principle of rhythm and proportion and see whether it be true, let him survey the favorite sensations placed on record during the past ten years by the students of the

University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

Each year for the last ten years students in the book and drama reviewing class have listed their favorite ten recollections for each of the five senses. Now here are the highest score favorites:

Sound—rain on a tin roof.

Smell—fall leaves burning, honeysuckle on a spring night, or new-mown hay.

Sight—an open fire in a dark room or a brook splashing in the moonlight.

Touch—clean sheets and clean pajamas after a hot bath.

Taste—country ham for breakfast.

Some of the best-liked sounds include waves lapping on a sandy beach, wind whistling through the pines, a far-away train whistle in the early morning, the cry of the whippoorwill, organ music, and the croaking of frogs in a swamp at night.

Some of the best-liked smells: Salt marshes along the coast, a new book with the ink not yet dried, lilacs after a rain, the scent of sweet shrubs, the Sunday paper before it is unfolded, and supper smells from along the side of the road.

As for sights, the favorites included: Sailboats on the water, sunrise over the mountains, falling snow on Christmas eve, the

plumage of a peacock, the sun shining on icicle-covered trees and shrubs, white gardenias against the dark hair of a beautiful girl, white dogwood against the green of budding woods.

Some of these student impressions are trite, some evidently the reflex of so-called popular poetry; but many illustrate the basic principle of esthetics.

To our own mind, the far-away train whistle in the early morning, the waving of a grain field ripe for the reaper on a hillside, the plumage of the golden pheasant, and the evening glow reflected from granite walls on mid-winter snows in the Sangre de Cristos are the natural sounds and sights of deepest appeal.

And what are yours?

And do the principles of rhythm and proportion apply?



**Give Timmons His Due.**

One of the editors attended the Democratic Convention in Chicago, and he has placed his impressions on record. All in all, the best write-up of the convention—better than any of the half dozen stories told by the ace reporters in the daily newspapers of the third week in July. But more attention should be paid to Timmons, the Washington newspaperman who was placed in nomination for vice-president.



Timmons, we are told, got one vote, and when it was evident that he could not win, he offered to accept a compromise. He would submerge his own ambitions, he said, to the will of the party. "If I can't be first vice-president," Timmons said, "I'll be second."

A little more of the Timmons' spirit would add some beauty and light to the coming presidential campaign. It was Timmons who told his friends in the press row, "If I'm nominated, don't notify me," and who announced later that he would accept no contributions under \$5,000,000. Robert M. Yoder stated in the *Chicago Daily News* that the man from Houston (Timmons is correspondent of the *Houston Chronicle*) said that his luck had been all bad during the convention. "The women," he said, "keep comparing me to Lincoln. I try to discourage it."

Before going back to Washington, Mr. Timmons confided his feelings of disappointment to his friends. "I'm the tragic figure of this convention," he said. "I'll just have to go back to Washington and try to pick up the broken threads of my life. I can see my shortcomings now. I had another vote promised me in the Wisconsin delegation, but whenever I got a delegate drunk enough to vote for me he got too drunk to vote."



### "Will You Look It Over?"

They are willing to send us a *Treasury of Modern Humor*, a hulking book of 1079 pages which will "insure the success of your next speech." They will send it at their own risk if you will only look it over. You are to keep this book ten full days. Pick it up at random. Start reading any place. "See how often you pause to make notes. *Why I can use that!* you'll say again and again. And of course you can."

Well, you think you can, but let me tell you that all such books as this manual of modern humor offered as a help to after-dinner speakers are a snare and a delusion, a hollow mockery and a whited sepulchre. You will find dozens of stories of which you say, "Wonderful! I'll use that one Friday night when the West End Fourth of July Committee has its banquet!" But you won't use it—because you will forget all about it when you get up, for you will sense that it is entirely askew or that due to something that has been said by others it would fall unutterably flat.

What intrigued us in the announcement of *The Treasury of Modern Humor* were the samples supplied as clever responses and toastmasters' introductions. Clever response No. 4 suggests the story of the darkie who had a sick

mule, got some medicine to blow down the mule's throat, but met with disaster because "Da mule blowed fuhst!" When the gales of laughter have died down, the speaker is supposed to add in a dry voice, "I had intended to tell you some nice things about myself, but my introducer has 'blowed first'."

When you have heard 1,750 speakers tell this story, as we have heard it at 1,800 testimonial dinners, anniversaries, banquets, weddings, and dedications of bowling alleys, you will understand that clever response No. 4 did not inveigle us into buying *The Treasury of Modern Humor*.

We bought a similar publication years ago, entitled *Three Thousand Best Anecdotes*. Among the 3000 we found one that had appeal. Since we have told it at more than 700 testimonial dinners, anniversaries, and similar occasions, it is by this time public property and has, no doubt been told 7,000 times by

those who heard and enjoyed it. It is repeated for the benefit of the 23 readers who have never been introduced to it:

When Americans were still permitted to travel in Spain, two tourists happened into a *posada*, a little village inn, and after they had emptied a bottle of wine, one said to the other, "I would now like nothing better than a good juicy beefsteak." "That's my hunch, too," said the other. But they met with a difficulty. The innkeeper was unable to understand an English word, and the two men were ready to compromise on olla podrida or some other familiar dish, when one of the men got an idea. He took a card and drew on it the outlines of two cowheads and showed it to the host. He immediately nodded understandingly, went to his counter, and came back with two tickets for a bull fight.

I consider this a good story. It has never failed me.



### Young People

I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I do not like to think of myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect.—DR. JOHNSON.



# THE CONVENTIONS AND THE CANDIDATES

*By a* CORRESPONDENT

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SOME believe that the big political conventions which engage our attention every four years are jokes pure and simple. Others declare that the meetings are unmitigated evils. Still others are sure that if the time ever comes when gatherings of this nature are thrown overboard, the basis of our liberty will have been destroyed beyond any hope of restoration.

I, for my part, agree heart and soul with those who maintain that party conventions, with all their deals and with all their drivel, are inextricably bound up with the type of government which has made the United States the greatest bulwark of freedom in the world. I know very well that delegates to the huge assemblies are often hog-tied by the bosses, that the meetings frequently degenerate into a mad scramble for places at the great national pie-counters, that platforms are usually ham-

mered together by members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Weasels, that permanent chairmen must be docile servants of the influential moguls who pull the strings, and that, as a rule, the real business is done in smoke-filled hotel rooms. Yet, in spite of all this, I maintain with all the vigor of which I am capable that we have every reason to be grateful for our quadrennial political pow-wows. If we were condemned to live under a one-party system, minority opinions would be ruthlessly squelched, and totalitarianism, with its blunt abnegation of the rights of the individual citizen, would be in the saddle. It is true that authoritarian states like Germany and Russia have conventions of a sort: but are their gatherings anything more or anything less than sounding-boards for the pronouncements of hardheaded dictators?

Let's get down to brass tacks.

Don't, I beg you, tell me that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was "drafted" for a third term at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, and don't, I beseech you, try to convince me that the enthusiasm for Wendell Willkie at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia was entirely spontaneous. The "drafting" of Mr. Roosevelt was the result of strategy as crude and as obvious as it was determined, and there was clever engineering behind the nomination of Mr. Willkie. No unbiased observer can deny that FDR's beautifully delivered acceptance speech contained a large amount of undiluted eyewash, and those who know anything at all about the practices of politics and the ways of politicians need not hesitate to state that WW will have unburdened himself of a goodly portion of honest-to-goodness applesauce before the first Tuesday in November.

The Hagues, the Kellys, the Guffeys, and the Flynns of the Democratic Party had much to do with the "drafting" of Mr. Roosevelt. Unsavory machine-politics ruled the roost. Jim Farley, to whom the Democrats owe more than they can ever adequately repay, was cheered to the echo by the boss-controlled delegates, publicly commended by Mrs. Roosevelt, and affectionately pat-

ted on the back by the President himself; but the astute campaign-manager knew the direction of the wind-currents. He let no grass grow under his feet between the adjournment of the convention and the announcement of his resignation as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Farley did not indulge in a public denunciation of the Chicago proceedings; but he saw to it that there could be no misunderstanding as to his own conviction with regard to the President's itch for a third term. His prompt action spoke far more eloquently than mere words.

### *A disgraceful performance*

The venerable Carter Glass, who rendered yeoman service to Mr. Roosevelt during the hectic campaign in 1932, was booed by the hirelings of the machine when he arose to speak his mind on the disease of thirdtermitis and to urge the convention to nominate Mr. Farley for the presidency. I wonder whether the party of Thomas Jefferson will ever live down that disgraceful performance.

To be sure, it was unreasonable to suppose that the rank and file of the subservient delegates would remember that it was the able Mr. Glass who had framed the Federal Reserve Act during the administration of Woodrow Wil-



son. The job-holders and the job-seekers who had repaired to Chicago to vote as the bosses would instruct them could not be expected to realize that they were disgustingly discourteous, not merely to an old man, but to a man endowed with one of the keenest minds in the Democratic Party.

Mr. Glass, you know, has long had the habit of speaking out of one side of his mouth. When President Wilson saw the wise Virginian's draft of the Federal Reserve Bill, he is reported to have said, "If this is what Glass can do out of one side of his mouth, I wonder what he will be able to accomplish if he ever uses both sides."

But we know that Mr. Glass was booed by the tools of the Hagues, the Kellys, the Guffeys, and the Flynns. Let's be frank and declare openly that no small amount of the blame for their shameful boorishness rests on the conscience of Mr. Roosevelt himself. Furthermore, it would be wide of the mark to think that Harry Hopkins, the grand panjandrum at the private telephone line to the White House, could not have prevented the outrage had he had either the desire or the good sense to do so. Truly, the ways of politics and politicians are varied and devious!

Please do not conclude from

what I have said that I wanted to see Farley nominated for the presidency. I was trying desperately to be a neutral observer; but I found myself opposed to Farley as a candidate and bitterly hostile to the timeserving tactics of that illustrious prophet of political "oomph," the Hon. Paul V. McNutt, of Indiana. As a matter of fact, more reasons than one induce me to be glad that Mr. Roosevelt emerged as the nominee. The President has much political sagacity when he does not listen too intently to the promptings of his ego; he has personal charm and a big heart when you do not cross his path; he evidently derives much pleasure from smashing precedents; and, above all, he has the courage to take a firm stand over against truculent dictators. To my thinking, those who stand up to the dictators are not courting war but are working effectively in the cause of peace and liberty. At any rate, I have considered it necessary to express my view in order to explain why I believe that Mr. Roosevelt is the Democratic Party's best bet.

There is, to be sure, another way of looking at the outcome of the Chicago shenanigans. It is by no means unreasonable to declare that FDR would have grown immeasurably in stature and in prestige if he had said to the delegates, "My friends, I am deeply



*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

Josiah Wedgwood gave his name to a distinct type of porcelain ware by which figures of classical design, usually in cameo white, are imposed on very finely ground colored clay.

This is a late XVIII century plaque showing the crowning of a Kitharist.





*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

From Chelsea-Derby come these cream bowls. In their style they show the influence of the Sèvres factory. They were made with vacuums in the bottoms and in the covers, where cold water or ice was placed to keep food cool. The patterns and figures are in rose and gold.



*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

These two Worcester vases with covers were recently on exhibition at the Walters Gallery in Baltimore. The bottoms have Dr. Wall's Worcester marks.





*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

An English vase by Adams from the late XVIII century.  
It shows classical figures in white on black jasper.



*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

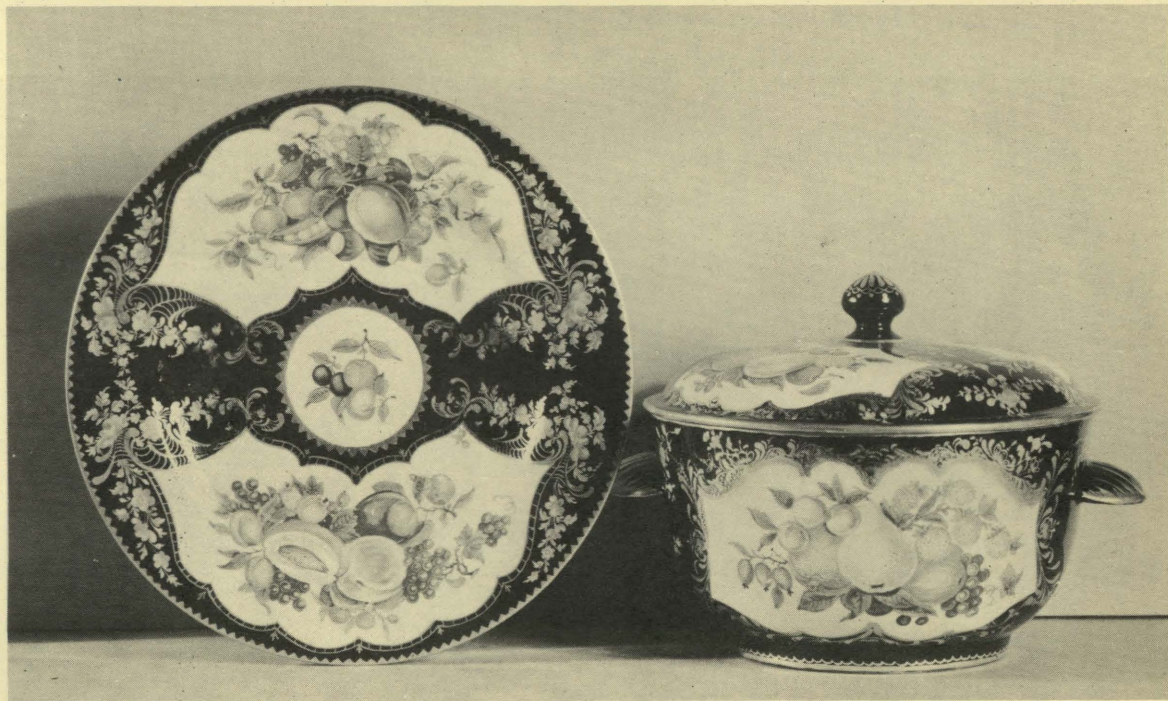
An elaborate English candelabrum from about 1755. It shows the figure of a man singing and a woman playing an instrument.





*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

An excellent example of Worcester ware—a pitcher and an oval dish from the XVIII century. The coloring is very beautiful and the glaze of the highest quality.



*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

A bowl with cover and plate manufactured in England by  
Bow around the year 1755.





*Courtesy of the Trustees of the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore*

A beautiful group manufactured of porcelain biscuit at Sèvres in France in the XVIII century. It is one of the prized possessions of the Walters Art Gallery.

grateful to you for your confidence in me: but I believe that it will be better for our country and its institutions if I respectfully decline to run for a third term." There are many who are convinced that the President not only played into the hand of Mr. Willkie by trying to bamboozle the country into believing that he was being "drafted" for a third term, but that he also forfeited the respect of thousands who had revered him before the unsavory goings-on in Chicago became history. They resented the discourteous treatment of Glass and the brusque shelving of Jack Garner. What is more, they were disgusted when they learned that a visionary of the kidney of Henry A. Wallace would be rammed down their throats as candidate for the vice-presidency. The bosses were compelled to labor in the sweat of their brows to prevent a revolution. Can it be possible that the President wanted Wallace as his running-mate because many millions of dollars will be doled out by the Secretary of Agriculture between now and election-time? Perish the thought!

### ***A Look at the G.O.P.***

But let us look at Mr. Willkie and the Republicans. If you have heard WW on the hustings, you will agree that he has neither the voice nor the command of lan-

guage that contribute in so clear-cut a manner to the personal charm and the widespread influence of FDR. Mr. Willkie may learn much about the art of effective public speaking as the campaign pursues its turbulent course, and he may gain a great deal by fortifying himself with the services of clever ghost-writers; but it seems safe to predict that, in spite of his ingratiating smile, he will never be able to acquire the unusual oratorical ability of his distinguished opponent. I heard WW when he appeared on Clifton Fadiman's *Information Please* program a few months ago, and at that time I said to myself, "There is a man who can think on his feet." Incidentally, many believe that this radio appearance was the Republican candidate's first big step on the way to nomination.

Why was Mr. Willkie chosen in Philadelphia? As I see it, there were two fundamental reasons. In the first place, businessmen who were thoroughly sick and tired of being referred to as economic royalists played an important rôle in the proceedings. In the second place, the Republicans, by and large, knew that WW would be far more efficient as a vote-getter than any other man whose name had been placed before the convention. Dewey was looked upon as an upstart who was not entirely



dry behind the ears; Taft was highly respected as a man but considered colorless and a bit weak in the knees; Hoover, wildly cheered and greatly admired, was regarded as a distinct liability in the game of politics; Vandenberg simply did not appeal to the rank and file of the delegates.

It is probably true that the Philadelphia convention was not as boss-ridden as many a previous assembly of the G.O.P.; but don't think for one moment that no wires were pulled for Willkie. Bear in mind that it is sound strategy for the Republicans to declare that there were no influential fingers in the convention-pie. Charles McNary, of course, was named candidate for the vice-presidency because he comes from the West, because he will appeal to many farmers, and because for years he has been known as one of the shrewdest politicians in Washington. Naturally, the choice of the running-mate was dictated by WW.

I see no fundamental difference between the Republican plank on foreign relations and the board hewn out by the Democrats. Furthermore, there is good reason to believe that Mr. Willkie is just as firm in his opposition to the policies and the practices of the dictators as Mr. Roosevelt.

It may or may not be significant that some prominent riders of the Democratic mule have bolted the party because of the nomination of FDR, that Al Smith, John J. Raskob, and Jouett Shouse are in favor of Willkie, and, to cap the climax, that the hero of the almost forgotten brown derby has prophesied that the Republicans will be able to "count on 3,500,000 Democratic votes in the general election." In like manner, it may or may not be important for us to consider that shrewd commentators have been declaring that the voters are tired of the Roosevelts and bored beyond measure by their publicity-seeking and their divorces. On the other hand, we must give thought to the Solid South, to countless job-holders, to the thousands of WPA and PWA workers who would surrender their last dollar for a poll tax receipt, and to many who believe that Willkie will be a tool of the money-changers.

You may think what you will about the issues and about the candidates, but every American will agree we of the United States of America are fortunate indeed in having freedom of opinion concerning the conventions and the candidates and freedom of opinion at the polls.



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# MUSIC and Music Makers

By WALTER A. HANSEN


*Facts and Fiction About the  
Career and the Achievements  
of Nicolo Paganini*

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 If you ever have occasion to visit the Communal Cemetery at Parma, Italy, your attention will undoubtedly be directed to the beautiful mausoleum in which the remains of Nicolo Paganini (1782-1840), one of Italy's most famous sons, finally found a permanent resting-place. The great violinist succumbed to tuberculosis of the throat on May 27, 1840, in the city of Nice. When his fifteen-year-old son and others who had been near and dear to the master-showman applied for permission to bury the body in consecrated ground, they were brought up short by a firm re-


fusal. The Bishop of Nice declared that there were grave doubts as to Paganini's status in the Roman Catholic Church. For some time, therefore, the corpse, embalmed according to the method in vogue at the time, was kept in the residence on the Via Reparate, where the death had occurred. Because of the protests of the landlord, who was eager to rent the house to another tenant, the remains were taken into the cellar. Then, pending an appeal to the Vatican, they were removed to a hospital. When the highest authorities in the Church upheld the decision of the Bishop of Nice, the body was sent to the villa of a friend in Genoa. There it rested for four years. At length, the dignitaries of Parma gave Paganini's survivors permission to hold a solemn funeral service in the church dedicated to the Order of St. George, of which the renowned artist had been a member. Interment took place in the Communal Cemetery. In 1895 the corpse was exhumed and placed in the Parma Tomb of the Paganini Memorial Mausoleum. "Here lie the ashes of Nicolo Paganini," reads the inscription beneath the bust of the master. "He drew from the violin divine harmonies, enchanted all Europe with his unsurpassed genius, and crowned Italy with a new and glorious crown."

The extensive publicity which



centered about the disposition of Paganini's remains was but a faint echo of the almost unparalleled excitement occasioned by his sensational career as a concert-violinist. His skill was prodigious. In fact, many believed that he was in league with the Evil One. It was said that whenever he performed the Devil could be seen peering over his shoulder. One of those who heard the great artist in the city of Vienna in 1828 declared: "While Paganini was playing his *Witches' Dance* last night, I distinctly saw Satan himself standing behind him, guiding his left hand and his right arm. The great violinist's striking resemblance to the apparition proves that he is a scion of the Devil. His Satanic Majesty was clothed all in red. He had horns on his head and a long, hairy tail between his legs."

### Curious Tales

 Paganini himself was well aware of the curious stories to which his unprecedented ability gave rise. He was too wise to object. Now and then, of course, he denied some of the tales because this was the surest way to give them wide currency; but he, the wily showman, knew very well that wild rumors invariably swelled the receipts at the boxoffice. Referring to the report of the listener who claimed to

have beheld Satan standing behind him on the stage, the violinist said, "Since my admirer has given such an exact description of the Devil's appearance, I can only conclude that he must have actually seen him."

Trustworthy biographers tell us that Paganini could perform matchless feats of skill on a single string. Those who heard and saw him as he wrought technical miracles of this nature were so dumbfounded by his cunning that a strange report was circulated. It was said that Paganini had murdered a lady of rank with whom he had lived in Tuscany from 1801 to 1804 and that he had been imprisoned for the crime. The jailer—so the story went—fearing that the culprit would use the strings of his violin to hang himself, at first refused to give him permission to have the instrument in his cell. Finally, however, persistent pleading won at least a partial victory for the musician. He was allowed to use his violin with only one string. As a result, Paganini acquired the amazing ability which no violinist since his time has ever duplicated. It was even said that the string used in the prison had been made from the intestines of the murdered woman.

In fashionable eating-places soups, steaks, roasts, chops, rolls, and pastry were prepared and


served *à la Paganini*; women decked themselves out in ribbons, sashes, and other finery *à la Paganini*; for the men there were cigars and pipes *à la Paganini*; even snuffboxes and billiard tables were fashioned *à la Paganini*.

When the great violinist visited England in 1831, there was widespread excitement, and, at the same time, many complained bitterly because of the high prices charged for admission to the concerts. One clever rhymester wrote, "Who are those to pay five guineas To hear this tune of Paganini's? Echo answers—'Pack o' ninnies!'"

Another asked,

"Who'll pay a guinea to hear Paganini,  
To see how he curls his hair?"

### *Matchless Wizardry*

 Nevertheless, ninnies as well as others swarmed to the Paganini concerts. In London alone the great artist's receipts are reported to have amounted to 17,000 pounds sterling in a single season. Italy, Austria, Germany, Poland, France, and England were at his feet. Liszt, Rossini, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Berlioz were filled with awe and admiration.

Paganini was as lean as a lamp-post, and his skin had the pallor of a corpse; but a consuming fire glowed in his eyes when he

played. It would be ridiculous beyond measure to label him a charlatan. "Such a fellow," declared Schubert, "will never come again."

Men and women throughout the greater part of Europe were swept from their feet by Paganini's tricks. They were amazed when he played elaborate compositions on a single string, when he used a bamboo cane instead of a bow, when he purposely put one, two, or three imperfect strings on his instrument in order to startle the audience by completing a concert on the string or strings that were not broken, when he changed the tuning of his violin to produce novel effects; but they could never escape the conviction that they were in the presence of a master-musician. Reports were sedulously spread abroad that Paganini was addicted to gambling and strong drink; but those who thought before they spoke knew that overindulgence in alcoholic beverages has a tendency to deprive instrumentalists of the proper muscular coordination and that no man could have the wizardry of a Paganini without devoting a large part of his life to intensive practicing. Johann Karl Friedrich Rellstab (1759-1813), one of Germany's most prominent critics, declared, "Paganini is glowing fire, scorn, and madness, and after all the wonder-



ment he plays a simple melody so touchingly that he winds a golden thread around your heart and threatens to draw it out of your body." "Never has an artist been born," said Friedrich Wieck, the father of Clara Schumann, "whose greatness is unapproachable in so many different ways."

During the century that has elapsed since the death of Paganini, the world of music has been able to arrive at a comprehensive appraisal of the archshowman's achievements. It has been established beyond question that no other violinist ever succeeded in making such important contributions to the technic of the instrument. For the most part, the great Italian's compositions have value today solely because of their epoch-making revelations in the field of mechanical skill; but no fairminded critic can deny that the *Concerto No. 1, in D Major* has become a classic. The *Twenty-four Caprices* will live and continue to test the mettle of students and artists as long as the violin is played.

Paganini did for the violin and for violinists what Liszt, who had been inspired by the Italian sor-

cerer to improve his own technic, did for the piano and for pianists. "If a violinist plays the Paganini *Caprices* today," wrote the late Paul Bekker, "that is in itself an accomplishment, for they are among the most difficult compositions in violin literature. But even the most perfect reproduction is not to be compared with Paganini's own playing of them. The remarkable thing is not that Paganini could play these pieces but that he was the first to make such pieces possible. The extraordinary effect, the ecstatic transports that gripped people when they heard him play were caused by his revealing the possibilities in the instrument which had never been dreamed of. Paganini's violin gave voice to the spirit of romanticism itself, individual, subjective, displaying all the dynamic forces of the music, all the expressive nuances of a singing tone, all the characteristic color of the instrument." (*The Story of Music*. W. W. Norton & Company, New York. 1927). Surely, those who are foolish enough to contend that the accomplishments of Paganini are no longer of any moment know not whereof they speak.

## Recent Recordings

NICOLÒ PAGANINI. *Caprices, 1-12*. Ossy Renardy, violinist, with Walter Robert at the piano.—Young Ren-

ardy has a prodigious technic. The recording is superb. Victor Album M-672.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Symphony No. 4, in B Flat Major, Op. 60.* The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Arturo Toscanini.—If in the whole wide world there is a conductor who can reveal the substance of Beethoven's symphonies better than Toscanini, your reviewer, for one, has never heard of him. Victor Album M-676.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. *Concerto No. 1, in D Minor, Op. 15.* Artur Schnabel, pianist, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Goehr.—If you have ever had occasion to shake hands with Schnabel, you undoubtedly thought for the moment that a horse had stepped on your outstretched paw. Recalling your experience and then turning to the famous artist's reading of the first movement of Brahms' magnificent concerto, you may at first gain the impression that Schnabel, like the old grey mare, ain't what he used to be. But the pianist is his old, vigorous self again in the *Finale*, and his exposition of the sublime *Adagio* is a marvel of poetic beauty. Victor Album M-677.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. *Classical Symphony in D Major, Op. 25.* The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Dmitri Mitropoulos.—There is waggishness in this work. It contains bits of Haydn, fragments of

Mozart, and large chunks of Prokofieff. Columbia Album X-166.

MAURICE RAVEL. *Introduction and Allegro.* Laura Newell, harpist, the Stuyvesant String Quartet, John Wummer, flutist, and Ralph McClane, clarinetist.—An excellent performance of a work fashioned in Ravel's best manner. Columbia Album X-167.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *London Symphony.* The London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham. *Oxford Symphony.* The Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Bruno Walter.—Sir Thomas and Herr Walter give inspiring readings of two unforgettable symphonies. Columbia Album M-409 and Victor Album M-682.

TCHAIKOVSKY IN SONG. Maria Kurenko, soprano, with Sergei Tarnowsky at the piano.—Tchaikovsky, the writer of songs, is far less important than Tchaikovsky, the creator of rousing symphonies and concertos; but it would be folly to overlook his works for the voice. Mme. Kurenko brings us ten of his songs. Victor Album M-678.

BEDRICH SMETANA. *Quarter No. 1, in E Minor ("Aus meinem Leben").* The Primrose String Quartet.—The composition is autobiographical in character and intensely Czechian in spirit. Victor Album M-675.





# VERSE

## *Prime Minister*

An urgent message? Let me have it then!  
"The enemy advances, and our men  
Face inevitable slaughter."

What

Is my command? I must have time for thought.  
Thought? In days like this, oh where  
Is absent Reason, that she might declare  
The justice of a deed, the course of right?  
What is a man to see, groping in night,  
Surrounded by lies and treachery and lies  
Again? Is there a peaceful dove that flies  
Still with an olive branch? Or is it dead  
As all those who lie on the field, soaked red  
In blood, in blood that should be feeding life,  
Not drenching dragon-teeth of future strife?  
Shall I say "March!" and bring this scene to pass,  
Or say "Surrender!" and permit the mass  
Of enemy to clamp an iron hand  
On us, to subjugate perhaps a land  
Which could not bear a foreign yoke? Shall I,  
Who must decide how they should live or die,  
Prefer for them a life in chains, or death  
In freedom? Man will always fight for breath,  
Bound or not bound. Life is most dear  
To him. What need he care if skies are clear  
Or dark, just so he eats?

I shall go mad,  
Mad, trying to solve this mess. Oh, had  
I never found my fateful way to this  
Position. Must every ruler condemn his  
Fellowmen to life or death, to misery  
Or happiness because he must? To be  
The helpless serf in such a case is far  
More blessed. To die in peace or war  
By others' wishes is more guileless  
Than to proclaim the verdict.

I confess,  
I'd trade my place with yours, my boy. To do  
And not command is better of the two.

O God, O God, must I be held to blame  
For this decision, and devote my name  
To scorn as Pilate did with his? Give me  
A faultless judgment, let me have to see  
The choice between one death and a second,  
Between slaughter and slavery.

I reckoned  
Whether I should be a coward and decline  
To fight because I loved a thing divine—  
Life—or fight because I loved a thing  
Called liberty, of which poets sing  
And for which we, hoping, die. I fail  
To find the road of right.

The people's wail  
Grows louder, but I hear no clear demand.  
Poor souls! They grasp a blind man by the hand  
And tell him, "Lead!" What shall I give them then,  
These millions, millions of our noblest men?  
The yoke of servitude or the triumphal arch?

My order? Here you have it:

MARCH!

—JAROSLAV VAJDA



### *Sestet*

And if I sing no more  
In the moonlight or the sunlight  
That pools outside my door,  
What difference will it make?  
... Only a little more silence  
And a little less ache.

HELEN MYRTIS LANGE



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# THE LITERARY SCENE

*Read not to contradict and confute—nor to believe  
and take for granted—but to weigh and consider.*

ALL UNSIGNED REVIEWS ARE BY MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

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## The Golden Treasury

### THE COMPLETE GREEK DRAMA.

Edited by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. Vol. 1, 1186 pages. Vol. 2, 1236 pages. Random House, New York City. 1938. \$10.00.

TWO thousand three hundred years ago there flourished in Ancient Greece a civilization which still "coruscates for the scholar"—I am unable to trace the quotation—"like an unfading dawn behind the mists and glooms of overlapping centuries." I like this characterization, and I also like the curse, too lurid to be quoted in its traditional form, pronounced by a famous German scholar upon the Arabs who destroyed the library at Alexandria in 640 A.D. When that torch was thrown into the vast collection of papyrus and vellum on which was preserved all the literature of half a millennium of Greek genius, the world of thought suffered a loss to which no calamity before or since that event can bear a comparison. It was then that the greater part also of Greek drama was destroyed. We have before us two volumes containing all that still exists of Greek drama: yet if you add to this collec-

tion the Homeric poems and the dialogues of Plato, with one or two orations of Demosthenes, you have practically all that is left of the greater works of Greek genius. Aeschylus wrote some ninety plays, but only seven are still in existence. Euripides wrote about as many, and we have seventeen left. Of Sophocles' one hundred and twenty-five dramas we have only seven. Of all the thousands of comedies which were written in Ancient Greece, we possess just fourteen.

All that is left is presented here in English translation by Messrs. Oates and O'Neill. There is a fine general introduction, and with each play is given a short special introduction outlining its plot, together with some critical comment. There are notes after each play explaining particular passages—a very limited set of notes, leaving much unexplained, but helped out to some extent by the Glossary which appears at the end of the second volume.

We have tested out the translation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Electra* of Euripides, and the *Birds* of Aristophanes, and find at least these three plays extremely well done. Much of the original beauty is lost

because it is impossible in any other language to render for instance the rhythm and melody of the choruses, the haunting beauty of the odes in the comedies, the whole marvelous union of rhythm, poetry, and dramatic value that is combined in these unique elements of the Greek play. No one who reads in English the first chorus of the *Antigone* receives even a faint suggestion of this composition, one of the greatest in all literature.

The Introduction and notes leave much to be desired in the way of criticism from the standpoint of ethics and religion. The translators admit that Aristophanes, for instance, would write "just as obscenely as he could on every possible occasion," but they are able to reproduce some of the worst passages without any qualms of offending the moral sense and really seem to admire the ingenious smuttiness of the dialogue. The editors atone for some of their sympathy with the worst in paganism by fittingly extolling the merits of Menander, who never becomes obscene and yet reveals powers of genius that "command our boundless admiration."

## Insanity

**MEN AGAINST MADNESS.** By Lowell S. Selling. Greenberg, New York City. 1940. 342 pages. \$3.50.

THE word "insane" unfortunately brings into the mind of the public a picture of "a huge gorilla-like individual with teeth sticking out at various angles, matted hair hanging down before his face, claw-like hands,

and a wild look in his eyes." There are probably some insane like this, says Dr. Selling, but he adds, "There isn't any case that needs to be in such condition, and I have never seen any in a decent hospital."

As a matter of fact, there is little reason for the general public's dread of the insane. People generally do not realize, perhaps, that ninety-five out of a hundred insane are sick people and are comparatively harmless. Partly owing to a better understanding of the ailments of the insane, partly because of the progress made in medical science, hospitalization, and nursing, the treatment of the insane today under the open-door system represents a radical improvement. Even after the change of the institution from asylum to hospital, there persisted the idea that the insane should be kept in bed. Also the notion that these patients must be kept locked in was modified only by slow degrees, until now in most modern hospitals the patients are transferred as soon as possible into what is known as an "open" ward. These wards can not be distinguished in any way from wards in a general hospital.

Dr. Selling's book is more than an analysis of the modern trend in the treatment of mental diseases. As director of the Psychopathic Clinic of the Recorder's Court of Detroit, "the oldest court psychiatric clinic in the world," he is interested in the subject as a psychologist, a psychiatrist, and a criminologist. Internationally recognized in the field of psychiatry, he has found time to collect much material dealing with the history of insanity and of famous insane in-



dividuals, and out of these interests has come the present book.

*Men Against Madness* tells the story of the treatment of insanity from the dawn of history to the present day and so far as possible follows the biographical approach. It is somewhat startling to read that until 1800 almost all the insane were kept in prisons; that the principle that the brain functions in a systematic way has been recognized less than one hundred years; and that only forty years ago the experiment of employing women in the hospital ward of asylums as nurses, to take complete charge of the ward, was first tried out (the author says: "In my own experience I have learned that all wards in a mental hospital, as well as in an ordinary hospital, are much better run by women nurses.")

Naturally the book devotes considerable space to that combination of quack and genius, Franz Anton Mesmer—discoverer of Mesmerism. Large sections are devoted to the pioneer work of Miss Dorothea Dix. We were struck by the sentence, "No really new thought, no dynamic concept has easily been admitted by the medical profession." It is a long, long trail of struggling against popular superstition and professional obstinacy that led to the modern treatment of the insane, so that today no longer are they the rejected citizens of the world, but they are among those who are carefully tended in the hope and desire that they will get well. Endocrine gland extracts and serums are used, as are heat treatments. Even in the hospitals for the criminal insane the

inmates are as a rule without restraint, and the whole atmosphere is one of trying to treat the patient and to get him well. There is also a new science of prevention which takes children of questionable background in hand and so guides them as to prevent mental disease.

## Poor History

**AMERICAN FAITH.** Its Religious, Political, and Economic Foundations. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. W. W. Norton and Co., New York. 1940. 479 pages. \$3.75.

HE MAY have offended in other respects, but when Samuel Gorton was expelled from Plymouth Colony, one of the reasons alleged was that his wife's maid had smiled in church. When Roger Williams and other fugitives from Massachusetts settled on Narragansett Bay, they called their settlement Providence "in thankfulness to God for having brought them at last beyond the reach of their vindictive fellow-countrymen."

This Roger Williams was the true founder of American liberty and democracy, and since the American faith, as defined by the author, is the principle of liberalism and democracy, Williams was in a far higher sense than Pilgrims or Puritans, or even than William Penn, the founder of the American faith.

The title of the book, accordingly, is somewhat misleading. While it discusses religious faiths, it is interested in these only insofar as the element of freedom and democracy are prominent in religion. Even the Ref-

ormation of the sixteenth century, to Ernest Sutherland Bates, has value only in so far as it stressed personal liberty, and failed to the extent to which it refused to satisfy the aspirations of the people at the bottom of the social scale. Its doctrines are to him only examples of "primitive mythology," and the reformation of Christianity as a restoration of biblical doctrine does not enter into his scheme. In the long discussion of the Reformation there is not a word about the spiritual tyranny and work-righteousness which the medieval church had substituted for Christianity, nor about the thought of Luther's "freedom of a Christian man," which sounded the death knell of despotism in that day—as it alone will overcome in due time the totalitarian system of our own. There is other evidence besides the ascription to Luther of "Wer liebt nicht Wein," etc., that the author never read Luther nor any of the specialists in the field of Reformation history. It is in the person of Roger Williams alone that Mr. Bates recognizes the coming to America of one in whom "the Reformation justified and redeemed itself." In other words, the entire religious content of the Reformation movement means nothing to Mr. Bates.

Naturally the author has no sympathy for the revival of religion in the early nineteenth century. Having outgrown super-naturalistic religion, the "Christian mythology," Mr. Bates expresses amazement that the educated classes now returned to this position. His sympathies throughout are with religious radi-

calism, especially the Unitarian movement of a century ago. Nothing here about the Unitarian rapacity and cunning by which the schools and churches of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism were gobbled up. For some reason the Swedish colonies are ignored entirely, no mention being made of Campanius and his attitude towards the Indians—so different from that of the Pilgrims, who viewed the natives as "savage and brutish men who range up and down, little otherwise than the wild beasts." Not a word about the principles of democratic government which found such early expression in the Lutheran settlements of New York and Pennsylvania.

OF detail regarding the codes of right and wrong which prevailed in the first two centuries of American history, the volume contains much to reward the reader. There is abundant information regarding the Communistic groups, like the Mormons and the Shakers, the settlements of Owen and Fourier, the free love principle in action in the Oneida community, the Catholic toleration in Maryland—which implied no political freedom of speech at all and "permitted the land-owner to assess punishments ranging from nose-slitting, tongue-boring, ear-cropping to banishment and execution"; furthermore, there is much information, not easily found so well compressed elsewhere, regarding the influences of deism on popular religious faith. Mr. Bates numbers among the deists Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Ethan Allen, Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson,



Madison—nearly all the leaders of the American Revolution. The author, in fine, offers much information whenever he speaks from intimate knowledge of his field—but his field is not, we regret to say, the religious history of Europe and America, which is so essential to an adequate treatment of his theme.

## Twenty Tragic Years

**WHY EUROPE FIGHTS.** By Walter Millis. William Morrow and Co., New York. 1940. 277 pages. \$2.50.

THIS book is warmly recommended to anyone who desires a clear and authoritative account of "the peace that failed"—the tragic twenty-one years' interim between the two world wars.

We remember Mr. Millis for his brilliant earlier book, *Road to War*, which narrated in rapid, ironic, and dramatic style the devious maneuvers which brought America into the first World War. That book, as we recall it, was one of the strongest documents in favor of isolationism ever written. It enjoyed a phenomenal success as a non-fiction best-seller and did much to bolster the prevailing cynicism concerning the futility of American intervention in "decadent Europe and its ceaseless wars" in behalf of an international order of peace based on collective security. Mr. Millis' readers—who gathered from his account that we had been taken for a ride by a number of indomitable Anglophiles—would naturally decide that we had done well in washing our hands of Versailles and the League of Nations.

As we peruse the present volume, however, grave doubts arise as to the correctness of this thesis. Not that this book—unlike the previous one—exhibits any propagandist bias. It is quite objective, factually accurate, and damns both sides with faint praise and ironic deflation of all honorable men. Yet as one considers the complex forces that have precipitated this second contest of blood and carnage, one is reminded of the scriptural passage, "I would thou wert cold or hot. So because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Millis' account of the interim, in other words, betrays the tragic inability of the Versailles "statesmen" to take a firm stand on any *one* consistent policy. Either of two alternatives would have "worked" after a fashion, to the extent, at least, of averting another war. They might have been more wisely—not more vindictively—tough, stern, realistic, and have weakened Germany permanently by partition or military vassalage: the pitiless way of power-politics. Or, they might have tried *genuine* appeasement, a generous reconciliation, and a firm and unalterable devotion to the principle of collective security. But the "statesmen" could neither decide to be coldly brutal nor warmly magnanimous. They succeeded in being lukewarm or hot and cold by fits and starts, vacillating from an indecisive occupation of the Ruhr to the "spirit of Locarno"—and always too late to be effective. This neither appeased an embittered Germany nor made her powerless to rearm. Either appease-

ment should have been wholehearted, sacrificially generous, with an equitable sharing of all burdens, based on a rational and ethical internationalism—or a permanent destruction of German military power should have been ruthlessly adhered to. Those whose moral principles cannot sanction international gangsterism—as ours cannot—can only vainly regret that the rational principle of collective security was so shamelessly betrayed by the Allies, who, united in war, were divided in peace. Never was the unrealism of “realistic power politics” better illustrated. “Reparations,” “the militarization of the Rhine,” “Ethiopia,” “Manchuria,” “Munich”—what colossal blunders these moral retreats now appear to be!

And here is where we begin to doubt the thesis of Millis' first book: we are convinced that, having embarked on a rational principle of international collaboration, it was the duty of the United States resolutely to abide by her commitments. By adandoning the League to its fate, *we set the example* of moral indifference to an international order of morality and law. Others could follow and plead that they were in good company. This, it seems obvious to this reviewer, would have been a *safer* and more *economical* course to have followed than the one we were persuaded to take by reactionary isolationists. The result of the latter policy has led to our present predicament: the last great democracy must prepare to defend itself at incalculable cost. Of course, we played along with the League in

a lukewarm sort of way. History has spewed this policy out of its mouth. There is no tenable middle ground, it seems, between being “hot” for principle, or a potential victim of “cold” steel.

W. O. DOESCHER

## New England Pastor

**FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER.** By George B. Gilbert. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1939. 319 pages. \$2.75.

THE author of this book grew up on a New England farm and is thoroughly familiar with the people, the customs, and the ways of New England rural life. No one can read this volume without feeling that the writer is deeply attached and devoted to the people whom he has served throughout the forty years of his ministry. It is obvious that he understands men and knows how important it is to speak to them in the universal language of love and kindness if one is anxious that they listen to the message of the Church.

The book describes the varied tasks of the country parson, family life in the parsonage, and the pastor's struggles against poverty, ignorance, and human wickedness. Although the author is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, which is widely known as a church of many rituals and forms, he is very frank in expressing his disregard for formality when it may hinder service to humanity.

It is probable that anyone who takes up this volume will read it with interest because it is written in an



easy style and contains a good deal of human interest material. The discerning reader will, however, we believe, find a number of defects: first it is somewhat repetitious; secondly, the author is too patently aware of his own individual good deeds; thirdly, and this is our most serious objection, nowhere does the book bear testimony to Christ as the crucified and resurrected Savior of mankind. The author does present a brief sample of his preaching. If he never preached anything beyond the sample which he submits (a possibility which we refuse to believe), he has not won a single man for God. It does seem tragic, however, in any event, that a Christian pastor should speak of forty years in the ministry, of preaching, praying, visiting the sick, and bringing comfort to the dying, without once mentioning what he would say about Christ to a soul just ready to depart. The author's remarks on marriage and divorce border on the frivolous and seem to advocate the abolition of Scripture's own restrictions in this sacred matter.

We do not know to how great a degree such other books as the *Horse and Buggy Doctor*, by Arthur Hertzler, have represented correctly the medical and other professions, but we do believe that author Gilbert failed to give a just and adequate picture of the many thousands of Christian clergymen who have served and are serving rural churches with deep devotion to Christ and the men whom He redeemed. The author's attitude toward pastors serving urban churches is neither understanding nor sympathetic.

## Gentlemen, the President

**THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY: AN INTERPRETATION.** By Harold J. Laski. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1940. 278 pages. \$2.50.

LORD BRYCE'S statement, that very few fit men are ever chosen to the American presidency, is an extremely questionable one. There have been mediocre men in the office, but there have also been at least eleven strong presidents, possibly thirteen. In some of the presidential contests both the candidates have been outstanding types. In this study of one of the most unique and powerful offices in the world, Harold Laski examines that office to which, theoretically, every native-born American may aspire: the American presidency.

What is a president? What are his duties? How far can he go in carrying out the requirements of his office and the demands of the electorate? Remember that the fear of executive despotism was the dominating thought back of the writing of the Constitution. For this reason alone the writers of the Constitution insisted on a triple division of power in the new union: the legislative, the judicial, and the executive. The Congress and the Supreme Court are coordinate powers. The president may initiate policy, but he cannot control it. He must think of the Union in terms of the whole, but Congress may resent such thinking and will insist on its right to diverge from such a view. From the steep eminence which the president occupies, he must still be able "to see

with the eyes of the multitude upon whose shoulders he stands." Thus, if he has a policy or program which he wishes adopted, the president must make sure that his views are not too remote nor too far from common understanding. President F. D. Roosevelt's progressive measures, as incorporated in the New Deal, were not novel. Years of agitation by previous generations in the Populist and Progressive movements had prepared the ground for the general acceptance of New Deal measures.

The presidency is a complicated office. It is not a dictatorship, nor is it a rubber stamp affair. How to reach a decision on the multitudinous problems which arise every hour is always difficult. The president may consult his personal assortment of advisers or he may have meetings with the cabinet. Some presidents have rarely consulted their cabinets; others again have placed a heavy reliance on this special group of men personally selected by them. The ideal situation is the regular cabinet discussion, where the president may hear a collection of opinions "with a view to clarifying his own mind" rather than to have the Cabinet make a collective decision. Herein the American Cabinet differs decidedly from the British.

In sharp contrast to the president's usually amicable relations with his Cabinet is the treatment Congress regularly doles out in liberal quantities to the head of the nation. A Hoover turns sullen and bitter; a Roosevelt takes up the challenge and fights and quite often wins. While the Cabinet is expected to remain

dependent and shadowy, Congress, according to the Constitution, may remain absolutely independent of the executive office. "The president is never the master of Congress, except in relatively brief intervals of emergency." Laski argues that this system leads to incoherency and irresponsibility because Congress may go forward on a legislative or financial line wholly divergent from anything the president may desire. A weak president can evade responsibility, but a strong president will feel that he is failing the electorate which placed him into the White House. The important thing always to remember in the relation of Congress to president is Congress' perpetual anti-president feeling.

LASKI thinks that Congress should follow the lead of the president, particularly in a time of crisis. Because the nation demands action in a time of emergency, Congress should listen to the White House and subordinate its will. "Congress is at once too big and to incoherent of itself to devise an organic and unified approach to the problems of the time." Laski is able to fortify that argument with endless citations, but none of them seem to lead anywhere except to the acknowledgment of the *Fuehrerprinzip*. One is more inclined to trust a Herbert Hoover, who wrote, "The weakening of the legislative arm leads to encroachment by the executive upon the legislative and judicial functions, and inevitably that encroachment is upon individual liberty."

The final lengthy chapter discusses



the presidency and foreign relations. On the whole Laski is inclined to believe that Congress should retain its treaty-approval rights. We have the weakness in our system that an unscrupulous or strongly biased president might commit the country to an unsafe course. As a rule presidential foreign commitments are binding upon Congress. Not always, of course, but often enough to establish a precedent.

The reviewer missed an index, an indispensable feature to a book of this nature. A bibliography might have been added, although there is a liberal sprinkling of footnotes. Despite these mechanical shortcomings, *The American Presidency* should serve as a valuable guidebook in this year of the presidential election. Written by a Britisher, member of the British Labor Party, the volume is nonetheless warmly sympathetic to American problems and customs. The conscientious voter will do well to study this book in the light of campaign utterances and promises.

## Doubts and Fears

**THE ENGLISH AIR.** By D. E. Stevenson. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., New York and Toronto. 1940. 317 pages. \$2.50.

**GOLD FOR MY BRIDE.** By Norman Collins. Harper & Brothers, New York and London. 1940. 435 pages. \$2.50.

THE eyes of the world are upon England. Anxiously, prayerfully, and hopefully we await the outcome of the desperate struggle between the doggedly determined Britons and the

coldly calculating Germans. In the opinion of many, the "tight little Isle" is to be the proving-ground for the tenets and the ideals of free and democratic peoples everywhere. It is this background of stark, tragic reality which gives point and poignancy to D. E. Stevenson's recently issued book, *The English Air*. We view the inexorable march of events during the past two years through the eyes of the characters of Miss Stevenson's novel, and in them and through them we see the problems, the tragedies, and the fears of two great nations. *The English Air* is neither profound nor powerful; but its subject is exciting and timely, its characters are honestly and expertly drawn, and the author handles its somewhat delicate theme with skill and restraint.

In the spring of 1938, Otto von Heiden, trusted adviser to Adolf Hitler, sends his young son Franz to England, ostensibly to visit British cousins, actually to do undercover work for the Reich. Franz has been carefully and thoroughly schooled to think of the English as a weak, purposeless, and decadent people. Therefore the happy, peaceful, and useful way of life in the Braithwaite home puzzles and disturbs him. He is quick to feel the underlying strength and determination of the people who frequent his cousin's home. Their simple devotion and unswerving loyalty to King and country are apparent even to his prejudiced eyes.

A period of difficult adjustment follows. Franz becomes Frank to his English friends, and the thought of betraying their trust and confidence

becomes intolerable. He begins to build for himself a bright new world; he even permits himself a few shy dreams. For him the Pact of Munich is the glorious beginning of a new era of peace and understanding in Europe. Has not the *Führer* pledged his sacred word? Six months later the invasion of Prague answers this question for him and for the world. Franz, his hope gone and his illusions shattered, secretly returns to Germany to join in an underground movement against the Hitler government. Shortly after the outbreak of the war the League sends him back to England to seek the help and co-operation of others in lifting from the world the black shadow of the Swastika.

And now we leave the turbulent and troubled London of today. We go back four short decades to the turn of the century. Life in the largest city in the world seems unbelievably simple and quiet. Londoners are content and happy with their gas lights, their horse-drawn vehicles, their pubs and their music-halls. Electricity is too new to be in general use, and the cinema is in its earliest infancy. Only the most "up-and-coming" shops can boast of hydraulic lifts and pneumatic tube cash-systems. Because they wish to be considered modern, a few enterprising merchants have invested in slow, awkward electric vans, although admittedly "a horse, on any showing, would have been better."

In *Gold For My Bride* Norman Collins tells us the story of John Marco. It is the serious, almost sombre, tale of an earnest, hardworking,

church-going young draper's assistant whose entire life is changed when, in a moment of terrible temptation, he steals 150 pounds. Ironically enough, this temptation comes while John is on an errand of mercy for the pastor of the Amosite Immersionist Tabernacle. Mr. Collins' satirical treatment of the Amosites—an author's note tells us that this sect is entirely fictitious—is biting and pitiless. As we read, we wonder if it is possible that so shrewd an observer does not see that beneath and beyond the trappings, the rules, and the rituals of church organization the beauty, the dignity, the purity, and the grandeur of true religion remain unchanged and unchanging.

IN ORDER to escape detection and punishment, John is forced into an unhappy union with wealthy Hesther Croome. He must renounce his love for Mary Kent and his plan to marry her. Hesther's money starts him on the way to amazing material success, so that within a few years he is the powerful head of John Marco, Ltd. Ruthlessly and relentlessly small competitors are swept from his path or, on his own hard terms, are added to his ever-growing business. Restlessness, loneliness, and ambition drive him on and on; and, as his cares and responsibilities increase, he turns more and more to the decanter which stands in his office for relief and stimulus. Thus begins the terrible story of John Marco's downfall. At first slowly, then rapidly, and, finally, with fantastic speed, he hurtles down into disgrace and oblivion. Ill and alone, stripped of all his earthly pos-



sessions, he again learns to pray. There comes to him the realization that, had he possessed the courage to confess and atone for his theft, he could have built for himself a better and a happier life.

*Gold For My Bride* was first published in Mr. Collins' native England under the title, *I Shall Not Want*. It was favorably received by press and public there and will undoubtedly be welcomed by many readers here.

ANNE HANSEN

## Black Front

**NEMESIS.** By Douglas Reed. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1940. 275 pages. \$2.75.

**J**UST as we sat down to write the review of this book, Louis P.

Lochner, in his Associated Press despatch from Berlin, reported that Otto Strasser, archfoe of Nazism, whom Heinrich Himmler has accused of organizing the Munich bomb plot against Adolf Hitler's life (a charge which Otto Strasser denied), had fallen into Nazi hands in Paris. No details of the capture were available, but the information is supposed to be reliable.

If this report is true, it will undoubtedly mean the end of Otto Strasser, who has attacked the Nazi cause more persistently than any other living man. It is the story of Otto Strasser and the "Black Front" that Douglas Reed tells in *Nemesis*.

Otto Strasser, the Trotsky of Nazism, was one of the early leaders in the Nazi party in Germany. He and his brother Gregor, Catholic-born

Bavarians and Socialists, served as officers in the first so-called World War. Otto was decorated several times for outstanding service. After the war he left the army to cleanse Bavaria of the Communists who had gained the rule in that province.

Otto joined the Nazi Party in 1925, although he had long before become suspicious of the group. His brother Gregor for a time was its leader, when Hitler was a discredited and almost forgotten man. Otto left the Party again in 1930 because he considered Hitler (telling him so to his face) a windbag, a fraud, and a humbug. Otto and Gregor were Socialists (Otto, of an extremely leftist type) and saw Germany's ultimate salvation only in that political system. Hitler, on the other hand, cared nothing about the Socialist principles. He gradually came to look upon all those who really believed in the professed tenets of National Socialism as his enemies, as intriguing foes within the walls.

The struggle lasted five years and ended in Hitler's triumph and the rout of the Strassers. Otto left the Party, but Gregor, who had an easy-going streak in his pugnacious nature, gave way to Hitler and remained a member. If both brothers had broken away from Hitler in 1930, the National Socialist Party would most likely have split, and Germany and Europe would have been spared the militarist nightmare in which they now live.

According to Douglas Reed, the whole dispute around which this quarrel and struggle revolved was the old doubt which had filled Otto

Strasser until the day when the forces of reaction fired on Hitler at Munich—whether Hitler would be true to his Socialist professions, whether he really meant to lead Germany to a new social order and to a German socialism, or whether he was the cat-paw of the old embattled ruling classes, big business and big land-ownership. When Otto Strasser became convinced of the latter, he bade Hitler farewell. Gregor stayed with the Führer until he was executed, at Göring's orders, in the 1934 blood purge.

Otto, who had founded his Black Front some years before, now had to flee. He hoped his followers, still in the Nazi Party, would ultimately wreck it from within. He set up his headquarters in Vienna and from there directed his men. An attempt to kidnap him and bring him back to Germany failed. He again fled—to Prague. There he set up his famous "Schwarze Sender," a secret broadcasting station that irritated Hitler and his Party for a year by filling the air with forbidden anti-Hitler propaganda. The Gestapo finally found the station at an out-of-the-way Czech inn, murdered the technical man, wrecked the set, and escaped back over the border.

When the Nazis entered Prague in 1939, Otto escaped by plane to Switzerland. Later he went to Paris. It was there that Douglas Reed interviewed him for his story last February. His capture during the Nazi occupation of the French capital will no doubt mean Otto Strasser's execution. Will it mean also the end of his "Schwarze Front"?

## When to See the Doctor

**GOOD HEALTH AND BAD MEDICINE.** By Harold Aaron, M.D.

Robert M. McBride and Company, New York. 1940. 328 pages. \$3.00.

THE author is medical consultant to the Consumers Union. He has given his book the sub-title: A Family Medical Guide—but it isn't the kind of book that most people would expect under that name. It has no chapters on children's diseases, on typhoid fever, or on heart trouble. It doesn't explain how one can tell whether those pimples which little Bessie Cacamelia has brought home on her chest from school denote chicken pox, smallpox, or merely flea bites. It gives people no instructions on how to doctor themselves economically through a spell of Asiatic cholera. So it just isn't the kind of book that would give Farmer Obadiah or Pastor Jeremiah the idea that a little reading in it will endow them with an ability to diagnose, and prescribe for, all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Well, then, what is it? Let the author inform us. He says that the purpose of the book is "to tell the ordinary consumer what to do—and what not to do—about his own personal, private ills. The person who has a backache or a headache, sinus trouble or stomach trouble, finds himself in a quandary. Must he spend money for a doctor's advice? Is there some simple remedy which he can use at home? Is it all right to take the medicine advertised over the radio? This book tries to give that information in simple, usable terms; to tell you what it's safe to do for



yourself at home, and at what point your welfare demands that you go to a doctor." This program which the book sets itself it carries out and it tries to correct some of the false ideas held on matters of health and disease.

THERE are, as indicated no chapters on children's diseases, typhoid, heart trouble, or other such illnesses—obviously because these are not matters for home treatment or self-medication but for calling in a physician. There are, however, 39 chapters on such things as first aid, colds, nasal disorders, constipation, acidosis, food fallacies, insomnia, skin trouble, foot pains, and so on. Much clear, compact information and advice is given. The chapter on "Eyes," for example, tells what to do for sties, how to deal with foreign bodies in the eye, how to treat eye burns from tear gas and other substances, what to do about eye glasses, what sun-glasses to choose. Five brands of sun-glasses are listed which are recommended for prolonged use, and ten other brands are named which are satisfactory for casual use.

This listing of brands is a unique feature found throughout the book. For constipation, e.g., 7 preparations are given as "acceptable" and 67 as "not acceptable" (reasons being indicated). Two toothpastes are recommended as "best buys," 8 others are listed as "also acceptable," and 12 as "not acceptable." While we are talking about teeth: did you know "that healthy teeth depend largely upon proper diet and frequent visits to a dentist and that if all the dental remedies advertised to the public were

dumped into the ocean, our teeth would be none the worse for it, and probably much the better"? or that "in no event is pink toothbrush ever due to failure to use a highly advertised dentifrice, nor is it ever cured by use of a dentifrice"? or that, for pyorrhea, "good dental treatment and hygiene, and not *Forhan's*, is the remedy"? or that the healthiest teeth have a yellowish hue? or that "the wonderful Irium" in *Pepsodent* powder "is simply a trade name for a kind of soap (sodium alkyl sulphate)"?

Acceptance or rejection of the many hundreds of brands of various products that are named is based on tests made by the Consumers Union, the American Medical Association, or occasionally some other investigating agency. Patent medicines, appliances, food products, cosmetics, etc., are handled without gloves. Many of the most widely advertised of these things are shown to contain dangerous substances, to make false or questionable claims, or to be outrageously priced.

A careful reading of the book should benefit sensible people in one or more or all of these ways: keep them from foolishly throwing away money on trash; generate in them a healthy scepticism against the assertions, "scientific" or otherwise, of manufacturers and distributors who are first and last interested in their own pockets; warn them against harmful and dangerous substances that are palmed off on them in some of the most widely touted products; and lead them to seek medical advice rather than risk health and life on some fool advertising claim made in a magazine or over the radio.

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# THE CRESSET SURVEY OF BOOKS



BY THE EDITORS

*A brief glance at recent books—*

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## THE IMPERIAL SOVIETS

By Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. 1940. 287 pages. \$2.50.

A FASCINATING and reliable study of the world's greatest imperialist power. Sketching first the background of the recent purges in Russia and the startling Russo-German pact, Henry C. Wolfe ventures into the field of prophecy. The dominating motive back of all of Stalin's diplomatic moves is Stalinism, or Pan-Sovietism, a Russian equivalent of Hitlerism. Stalin is pursuing careful policies, hoping ultimately to make Moscow the ruling

world center. His moves are aptly characterized by his arch-enemy, Trotsky, who quotes Stalin as saying, "The sweetest thing in life is to pick one's victim, prepare the blow carefully, take one's revenge mercilessly, and then go to sleep." Henry C. Wolfe was one of the few people who foresaw the Hitler-Stalin alliance. In this book he makes the prediction that the alliance will not last forever. There is always England!

## RUSSIA THROUGH THE AGES: FROM THE SCYTH- IANS TO THE SOVIETS

By Stuart Ramsay Tompkins. Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York. 1940. 799 pages. Illustrated. \$6.00.

THE author of this big volume is an associate professor of history at the University of Oklahoma. He has given us an exhaustive account of the origin, the growth, the fortunes, and the influence of a nation which covers one-sixth of the surface of the globe. Geographical, ethnological, military, diplomatic, commercial, political, ideological, cultural, and religious elements are treated at length and in detail. It is evident that Professor Tompkins has a thorough grasp of his subject-matter; but, alas, his style is crude, colorless, and monotonous. He has compiled a huge catalog, not a well-written historical work. The book is extremely valuable for reference; but to read it from beginning to end, as your reviewer has done, requires the patience and the fortitude of Job. A glossary of Russian terms, a chronological table of



the history of the vast country, and an extensive bibliography add to the usefulness of the volume.

### **IDLE MONEY, IDLE MEN**

By Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1940. 249 pages. \$2.00.

**M**UCH nonsense has been written in the past few years concerning the growing debt of the Federal Government. The science of economics (if it can be called a science) is undoubtedly one of the most complex in the entire range of human thought. Mr. Chase endeavors to state its essential problems simply and clearly. His thesis is that we must choose between an unbalanced budget and an unbalanced economy. It is the function of the unbalanced budget to destroy the unbalance between over-saving and under-investment. The entire book deserves careful reading, but the first chapter is undoubtedly the best. An excellent antidote for the half-truths of the political campaign.

### **THE DEFENDERS**

By Franz Hoellering. Little, Brown and Company, New York. 1940. 484 pages. \$2.75.

**T**HIS novel was originally written in German and has been trans-

lated by Ludwig Lewisohn. It is the story of Vienna under the Nazi regime and describes the impact of the new philosophy of life and government on an aged professor, his daughter, and a group of minor characters. The tale moves in an atmosphere of impotent intellectualism. There is much philosophizing, most of it pathetically pointless. So far the re-action of the modern intellectuals to the success of the Nazi philosophy has been almost entirely negative. The story is valuable as an interim commentary. Morally dubious.

### **BROADSIDES**

By R. W. Daly. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1940. 528 pages. \$2.50.

**T**HIS is a novel of action, a rousing story of the British navy during the years of its glory under Nelson. Since the British navy is very much in the world's eye at the moment, the story of its great past assumes unusual interest and importance. Mr. Daly has been able to create a number of characters who are thoroughly alive. Not merely another patriotic whitewash. At times the book becomes severely critical of the greatest single fault of the British navy—its tragic concern with red tape. A good novel for those who like action and do not shrink from blood and smoke.



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# The AUGUST Magazines

*Each month THE CRESSET presents a check list of important articles in leading magazines which will be of interest to our readers.*

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## Fortune

### Fortune Survey

A survey made in the time between the meeting of the Republican and the Democratic conventions disclosed that the nomination of Willkie was followed by a sharp swing of voters away from Roosevelt. A month before, 49 per cent were for Roosevelt; in this survey, 44.3 declared for Roosevelt, 40.8 for Willkie, 8 had some other choice, said they wouldn't vote, or wouldn't answer, and 6.9 didn't know. This tabulation still seems to favor FDR, but when the results are taken in their geographical distribution, it is seen that Roosevelt has heavy majorities in the South-

ern States and is tied with Willkie in the Mountain States, but that Willkie leads in all other state groups (by majorities ranging from 6.3 per cent in the East North Central States to one of 24.5 per cent in the West North Central States). On this showing Willkie would have a preponderance of electoral votes. Roosevelt's strength is in the rural communities, and the "won't say" and "don't know" vote still holds the balance of power.—As for the war, 37.5 believe that Germany will conquer the British Isles, 39.8 believe not, and 22.7 don't know. On helping England more than we do now, 34.2 vote yes, 57.4 no, and 8.4 don't know. Even of those who voted yes on that question only 26.9 would encourage Americans to volunteer to fight for England, while 21.2 want to send our air force, 20.4 our navy, and 14.7 our army; 98.2 wish to furnish more materials and supplies. 43.8 believe we will, or may, get into the war, 44.8 believe we will not, and 11.4 don't know. In January only 26.2 believed such a contingency unlikely or out of the question.

### Synthetic Rubber

Rubber is the biggest single raw-material import into the U.S. from the warring outside world. We use nearly 600,000 tons an-



nually (more than half of all the rubber consumed in the world), and all but 2 per cent of this comes from the Far East. Yet there is no danger of a rubber famine in the U.S., even if Japan should cut off all our imports of the material. This is true because American industry is now prepared to place synthetic rubber on a mass production basis before any serious shortage could develop. The artificial rubbers (there are various kinds of them) are not really "synthetic" but, like nylon, are entirely new materials, never before found in nature. They are even improvements on nature, for most of them resist age, sunlight, heat, and oil much better than natural rubber. The Germans rolled into Paris on Buna tires, made of rubber that had never seen a rubber tree but that came out of a test tube. Standard Oil traded some of its oil patents for Buna patents before the war began, and Firestone is already making Buna. Butadiene, the basic substance, can be derived from molasses, potatoes, straw, or even from coal and limestone. The Goodrich Co. produces a butadiene rubber of its own, Ameripol. The artificial rubber that leads in quantity of production is Neoprene, developed by du Pont. These rubbers are now higher in cost than the East Indian product, but it is believed

that their mass production, in case of emergency, would bring the price down to that of natural rubber.

## **The Atlantic Monthly**

### **Where Do You Stand?**

### **An Open Letter to American Undergraduates**

By ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

The queer thing about the present war is the enthusiasm American oldsters show so unashamedly. The younger generation, adopting the more realistic attitude, looks at the war and Roosevelt's enthusiasm for it with a commendable jaundiced eye. Here a professor of English at Yale University pleads with anguished tone that the undergraduates of America go out and have themselves butchered. Neat job of pleading. But it won't hold with our rising generation.

## **America To England**

By DAVID L. COHN

We may as well accustom ourselves to a long series of articles about the war. Mr. Cohn, a typical southerner, pleads in anguished, hysterical tones that we jump into the fight, send across a thundering armada of airplanes, and lick the Boche and Hun until every Boche and Hun is polished down to a grease spot. Frankly, to one mid-

west reviewer, there is no need for editors to commission new articles. Pull out the magazine files of 1917-18, and there'll be material aplenty.

### Germany's Military Success

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

An authority on American defense problems analyzes the astounding German military success. "The truth is that the Germans crashed through their opponents not merely because they had piled up enormous quantities of the new weapons of war, but because they had drilled a huge army in original methods of warfare which swept the enemy off their feet." The article should provide fascinating reading to chess-players, amateur strategists, and defense-minded Americans.

### Harper's

#### Wanted: A Plan for Defense

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

This article demonstrates that an effective plan for defense must be built upon a clear definition of

what we are prepared to defend and upon a clear knowledge of the nations against whom we are to defend it. Assuming that our country is willing to defend the Western Hemisphere, the article points out the implications of this policy and concludes that the present plans lack both unity of concept and of planning. "Our defense forces are, like Topsy, 'jest growin'."—The dollars are flowing. But is there a plan?"

### Born in 1921

By ROY HELTON

The problems of our industrial world and of the hordes of the unemployed lie in the fact that "millions of people in the United States today are willing to work and in fact are working hard, but at things that nobody gives a hang whether they work at or not. There is the nut which must be cracked." This problem is not being met by most of the measures adopted for the recovery of industry and the cure of unemployment. We must determine what services are needed and then prepare to supply them. It is a stimulating discussion of a perplexing problem.



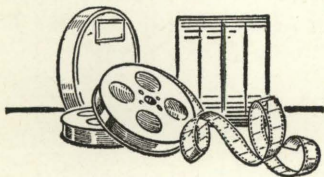
"Women have, commonly, a very positive moral sense: that which they will, is right; that which they reject, is wrong."—HENRY ADAMS.



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# THE MOTION PICTURE



THE CRESSET examines samples of  
Hollywood offerings.

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## PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (M-G-M)

We were enchanted with this delightful presentation of Jane Austin's classic. The picture faithfully follows that charming, amusing story of pride, prejudices, and romances in early nineteenth century England. Miss Greer Garson is ideally cast as Elizabeth Bennet, eldest of five unwedded daughters of a modest family. Living in a small village where eligible bachelors are scarce, every male prospect for marriage is closely inspected by the girls' flattery and scheming mother. When Darcy, wealthy member of a proud

and distinguished family, played by Laurence Olivier, comes to live in this village, the Bennet cap is set for him. He breaks up the romance of his best friend, Bingley, with Jane Bennet, because he feels she is not worthy of him. Later he discovers that family tradition is not nearly so important as romance, when he himself falls in love with Elizabeth and faces the task of overcoming the barrier her prejudices have built against his pride.

Miss Garson has already won a place for herself as the gentle Kathie in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." Her splendid performance in "Pride and Prejudice" is the making of the picture.

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## BOOM TOWN (M-G-M)

This picture is designed to make all the exhibitors happy. Big names, plenty of action—fights and fires and gushing oil wells. It concerns itself with wildcatting for oil in the Western states, where fortunes are made and lost in amazingly quick succession. Two partners have become estranged and, in a series of "dissolves" which take you from one end of the country to the other, eventually become reconciled and start life all over again, wildcatting on a shoe-string.

Although the story in itself is obviously put together, the Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy fans will

find time for this and most likely will enjoy it. It does not, however, come up in standard to previous "epic" pictures.

**THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH**  
(Produced by MARCH OF  
TIME and released by RKO)

Purporting to be a review of the American scene from 1914 to the present, this production, launched by the editors of *Life* and *Time*, succeeds only in making very vivid our part in World War I, with a rather abrupt transition to the present. Without professional actors, the film makes no pretense at artistic achievement. It must be judged by the message it brings.

If it is of the nature of propaganda to select its data to serve its purpose and to call attention to a certain array of facts while omitting or glossing over others, then this production is typical propaganda.

To be convinced of the threat of Naziism to civilization and of our country's need for adequate defense, which is the message of the production, need not make us blind to propaganda. Aside from some really stirring scenes and an occasional patriotic thrill, there is little to commend this film except the opportunity for propaganda analysis which it so abundantly provides.

**I LOVE YOU AGAIN (MGM)**

A typical Hollywood comedy with some bright parts, but not without its moral blind spots. It is probably expecting too much to find Hollywood humor wholly without offense. Less exaggeration would have helped both the plot and the humor. If this review could be applied to most of the film productions which attempt humor, it is only because this film offers nothing different or exceptional.

**ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO**  
(WARNER BROS.)

This is the tragic tale of the Praslin household and its remarkable governess, whose efficient and winsome ways captivate both the Duc de Praslin and his children, but infuriate the unnaturally jealous Duchesse. The story moves on inexorably to its gory climax with the murder of the Duchesse, the suicide of the Duc, and the imprisonment of the innocent governess. The kindness of the young clergyman, Henry Field, who befriends the hapless governess, finds her a position in an American girls' school, and finally makes her his wife, provides a happy conclusion to an otherwise dark and tragic chapter. The acting is of a high caliber and the story has great dramatic value. Its oppressive and morbid theme, however, induces us to recommend it only for adults.



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# LETTERS

## to the

# EDITOR

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### Where's Elmer?

SIR:

It gave me a great deal of pleasure to tag along mentally as the CRESSET went to the Democratic Convention in Chicago. But I ran across one statement that adds to the monotonous testimony that politics isn't all that meets the eye.

The statement to which I refer commends Congressman Elmer J. Ryan of Minnesota for espousing an amendment denouncing a third term. You attribute it to his conviction. Might it not be—as I think it is—more closely akin to a desire for re-election?

May I enlarge on this? Elmer Ryan is Congressman from the Second Congressional district of Minnesota. He rode in on the tail-gate of President Roosevelt's machine and has had things very much his own way in his district. Political viewpoints change, however, and they certainly have in Minnesota. In 1938 the Republicans swept the state, and their vote appeal in the state has been

growing constantly. They also have made great inroads into Ryan's territory in the Second District.

By the time the Democratic Convention had rolled around, Elmer J. Ryan had read the handwriting on the wall. Third term exponents are in the minority in Minnesota. Not caring especially to be defeated in the coming race, Ryan proposed the anti-third-term amendment at the convention, not from deep personal conviction, but rather as a grandstand play for the benefit of the folks at home.

Coming back from the convention, Ryan declared himself a Willkie supporter, thereby hoping to obtain a nice slice of Republican votes. That, together with the quiet support of Governor Stassen, should assure his victory. And Elmer knows it.

Not living in the Second District, and having no political affiliations, the entire affair concerns me very little—except that the smell of a nice juicy political deal blends so sweetly with the atmosphere of a political circus.

In your other statements, however, I find my own viewpoint held forth.

STANLEY E. BOIE

St. Paul, Minn.

### In Defense of Hollywood

SIR:

Ever since THE CRESSET included motion picture reviews, I have been tempted to write in and give expression to my reactions. Today my August CRESSET arrived and in it the review on *Waterloo Bridge*, and I can no longer keep silence.

It is obvious that the reviewer of

this movie needs a vacation—perhaps from seeing movies only. I find myself vehemently disagreeing with him regarding the value of the picture. Personally, I enjoyed the picture thoroughly and thought it had a good moral. If the so-called “parable” of the picture did not come to a point, I would like to know what the reviewer expected. The implications could not be more pointed. While Robert Taylor never will be a Paul Muni, his acting certainly wasn’t “hammy,” and Vivien Leigh was superb!

I also disagree with the opinion of the reviewer on *The Ghost Breakers*. In this day and age, when world conditions are such that the future looks anything but rosy, we need something to take our thoughts away from what is happening and to laugh and relax. Who cares if the picture isn’t particularly “uplifting”? By all means go to see *The Ghost Breakers* if you want a lot of good laughs. The picture is chuck-full of clever wisecracks and humorous situations. It’s good entertainment.

And that, too, is my personal opinion. By this time you’ll be commenting, “Well, who wants your personal opinion?”—and that’s exactly how I feel, and, undoubtedly, a lot of other CRESSET readers. We want RE-VIEWS—not personal opinions as to whether the wisecracks were wise, the humor humorous, the photography faked, and certainly not the reviewer’s personal opinion of the stars (how can we amateurs judge their acting abilities). Either we like them, or we don’t, and the individual wants the privilege of deciding one way or the

other. Give us more of the type of reviews that appeared in the March, 1940, issues.

IMA FANN

Chicago, Ill.

## Small Errors

SIR:

A few errors have crept into your current (August) issue.

The review of the movie *Susan and God* says that it is a “travesty on the Oxford Movement.” It is nothing of the sort. The Oxford Movement is the Catholic Movement in the Anglican Church, dating from Keble’s famous sermon delivered from the University Pulpit at Oxford in 1833. The movie is a travesty on Buchmanism, sometimes called the Oxford GROUP Movement. When the Oxford Movement was getting a lot of publicity on its centennial in 1933, Buchman discarded his “First Century Christian Fellowship” and “Buchmanism” titles, and appropriated the one which included the words “Oxford” and “Movement,” inserting the word “Group” between them. He wanted to confuse the public and cash in on the Oxford Movement’s centennial publicity.

Furthermore, in the Editor’s Lamp, there is the statement that “Mr. Dewey would not be a Presidential candidate.” But he WAS a Presidential candidate, along with Senator Taft, Mr. Willkie, and all the others who ran. What you meant to say, of course, was that Mr. Dewey would not be the Presidential *nominee*.

A READER

New York, N.Y.



## Contributors—Problems—Final Notes

THE increasing number of contributions to THE CRESSET enables us to present two major articles this month. In "Gambling in Grandma's Gown," the writer examines one of America's most pressing moral problems. It is interesting to note that he considers it from both the moral and the practical point of view, and finds it bad on both counts. G. W. Fischer is pastor at Peshtigo, Wisconsin. Our second article takes another look at the political conventions. It should be said that at this moment THE CRESSET is entirely neutral since there is no moral issue involved in the coming election. If any of the issues should move into the moral realm, THE CRESSET will appraise them fairly and honestly.

Our guest reviewer this month is W. O. Doescher, professor of Philosophy at Capital University, Columbus, Ohio. We welcome him as a regular contributor. The poet of the month is Mr. Jaroslav Vajda.

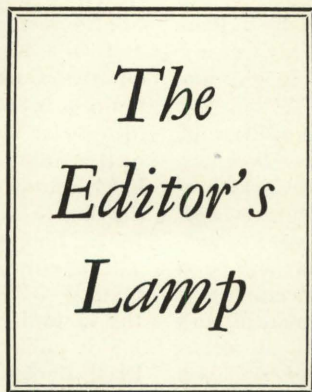
With the coming of September the editor feels constrained to express his gratitude to the associate editors for standing by loyally during the summer months.

Our readers who are acquainted with the varied activities of our associates will realize the difficulties under which THE CRESSET is edited during June, July, and August. The associate editors were in California, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Maryland. Even under

these unusual conditions, they examined the current periodicals and newspapers carefully and wrote their editorials regularly.



Our motion picture column continues to arouse much comment. At times the letters spread more heat than light. It should be said that we are not entirely satisfied with it ourselves. It is our hope that out of the dust of controversy a type of review will emerge which will be both permanent and useful.



## FORTHCOMING ISSUES

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I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

DEMOCRACY AND CHRISTIANITY

NATURALISM IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

A PASTOR LOOKS AT LIFE (II)

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

CAN CHRISTIANITY SAVE CIVILIZATION	<i>Walter Marshall Horton</i>
CANADA: AMERICA'S PROBLEM .....	<i>John MacCormac</i>
SEA OF DESTINY .....	<i>H. Dyson Carter</i>
CLEAR FOR ACTION .....	<i>Clements Ripley</i>
HILL DOCTOR .....	<i>Hubert Skidmore</i>
OUT OF THE FOG .....	<i>Joseph C. Lincoln</i>
PILGRIM'S WAY .....	<i>John Buchan</i>
REFUGEE .....	<i>Anonymous</i>
SIX SCANDINAVIAN NOVELISTS .....	<i>Alrik Gustafson</i>
THE STRATEGY OF TERROR .....	<i>Edmond Taylor</i>
THEY WANTED WAR .....	<i>Otto D. Tolischus</i>



